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The BYSTANDER

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 349.—Vol. XXVII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 10, 1910 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photograph] THE COUNTESS OF DUNMORE [*Val d'Estrange*

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The Royal Family

IT is expected that the King and Queen will remain in Scotland some eight or nine weeks, and, on their return to Town in the autumn, take up residence for a time at Windsor Castle, where the King can get plenty of shooting. In accordance with the custom established by Queen Victoria and continued by King Edward, different Cabinet Ministers will be in attendance on the King while the Court is at Balmoral. The presence of a Minister at the Castle is not, of course, in these days of telegraphs, telephones, and motors, necessary. But the late King found the informality of the proceeding a very good way of getting to know his Ministers, and King George is doubtless of the same opinion. At the present moment, Ministers are scattered far and wide, having flown like homing birds from their labours the moment the House rose, but Mr. Asquith is shortly going to Scotland, and Mr. Churchill and his strikingly handsome wife will have returned from their shooting trip in Asia Minor at the end of the month. By the way—horrible thought!—have the Young Turks *quite* got rid of the banditti who used once to flourish there? In the British taxpayer's interest, I hope so, for the ransom would be colossal.

Queen Alexandra

No one, not even those in her immediate *entourage*, can forecast the movements of Queen Alexandra for more than a day or so ahead. It is probable, however, that, as the Princess Victoria completes her cure at Harrogate this week, Her Majesty will deem it advisable to proceed very shortly to Scotland for the further benefit of the Princess's health.

Photograph *World's Graphic*

The Queen of Spain Leaving the Ritz Hotel for a Round of Shopping

What's in the Wind?

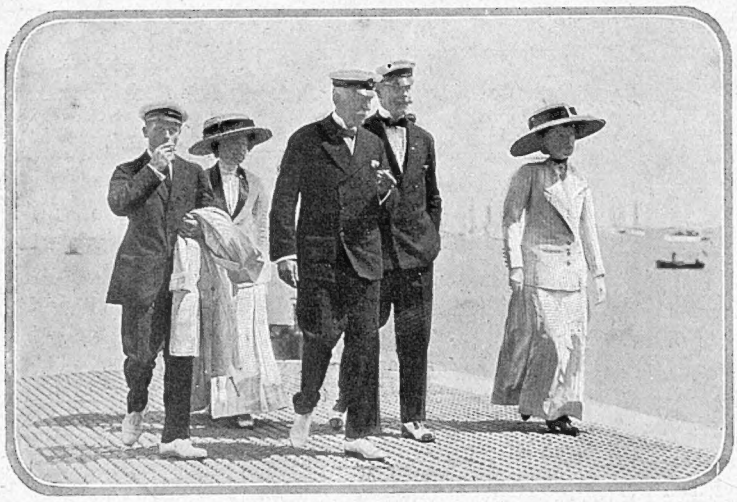
The movements of straws show that there is something in the political wind. The first straw was the Premier's announcement that the Conference *séances continuent*. That means there's no rupture. And if, after twelve sittings, nothing has gone wrong, the chances are that everything has gone right. That means a Constitutional settlement, by consent of both parties, good-bye to party politics, and no General Election.

Imperial Federation?

But what will the settlement be? Something astounding, I venture to prophesy, in its comprehensiveness. I have reason to believe that the discussion has travelled far away from the region of the original "Veto" controversy. Ministers, regardless of their nervousness and *mal de mer*, have been (conversationally) taken a-sailing over the seas. They have been forced to think Imperially. The controversy has, I believe, now come to this: If we're improving anything, why not everything? If we're reconstructing Parliament, why not see what there really is in Home Rule? And if we're touching Home Rule, what about Imperial Federation? And if Imperial Federation, what's wrong with a British Emperor? And so on *ad infinitum*. Mr. Birrell forecasted, in his Eighty Club speech, the imminence of that question, and it was a little curious that, just at the moment, the Scottish Liberals should have discovered that they want Home Rule for Scotland too. What would Unionists have to say to Home Rule all round and a federal kingdom in a federal Empire? Surely, loudly, *Aye!* For this *would be* Unionism in very truth.

Home Rule Revised

So long as it was proposed merely to lop off Ireland from the United Kingdom, we were all anti-Home Rulers. But if Scotland and Wales were given their local assemblies, and England retained hers, the position would become different altogether. The grand Parliament in London would become like Congress at Washington, or the Reichstag in Berlin, a body charged with the care of only national and Imperial issues, not those of Peebles, Peddlington, and Ballyraught. It all sounds very attractive, and when the news of the great Act comes along, do not say THE BYSTANDER didn't tell you so.



A Group on the Landing-Stage at Cowes

Alfonso Aloof

I hope King Alfonso is finding his stay here agreeable. But was it quite policy of the amiable young monarch to give his subjects the impression that the serious Spanish crisis was no concern of his? Doubtless he is acting on Ministerial advice. But a King of Spain to-day has to be rather careful. For one thing, there are Republicans, for another Socialists, and for yet another Carlists. Differ as these three may, they are likely to agree in not approving of a King who goes on holiday while the nation seethes. King Alfonso, if he has the modern idea of a monarch well in his head, strikes many of his subjects as having too little regard for those ancient appearances which, in such a country as Spain, are the best bulwark against Revolution. The bowler hat, a straw, a yachting cap, and the attitude of *insouciance* are very well in England, where we understand. But Latin peoples don't quite always.

Left to right: The Hon. George Colville, Colonel B. McCalmont, Captain R. A. Stanley, Earl of Albemarle, and Marquis of Ormonde

The R.Y.S. Sailing Committee Watching the Progress of the Race for the King's Cup at Cowes

Toddlers at Cowes

So Cowes, after all, went fairly gaily! Much to the inward annoyance of a few young things who had determined to create a small sartorial furore in oilskins, the weather performed the unexpected—and really behaved pretty well considering, and though, on most days, there was more than a capful of wind to lash the blue water to foam, it was, generally, ideal sailing weather. The usual landing difficulties happened at the Squadron landing-stage, across which the tide does run so fiercely, and though everybody said they really musn't, lots of women *did* wear the modish "trouser-leg" skirt, and provided thereby, when they attempted intrepidly to negotiate a difficult landing, some of the most popular sights of the show, excitement rising positively to fever-heat when, to prevent accidents, the toddlers were forcibly taken in arms and deposited on land.

A Yacht for the King

There was a good deal of entertaining in a quiet way ashore and afloat. The sensation of the week was undoubtedly the performance of the wonderful American schooner, *Westward*, which, I understand, her owner, Mr. A. S. Cochrane, is anxious to sell to anyone who will give him £20,000. What a ship this would be for the King to purchase, and what an impetus to yacht-racing it would be. Everyone at Cowes is fondly hoping that His Majesty will go in for yacht-racing, and also that their Majesties may be seen aboard the Royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, next year during the regatta week. The schooner-racing last week was as exciting as it was charming to watch. The regatta, indeed, was far more enjoyable than I had dared to hope.

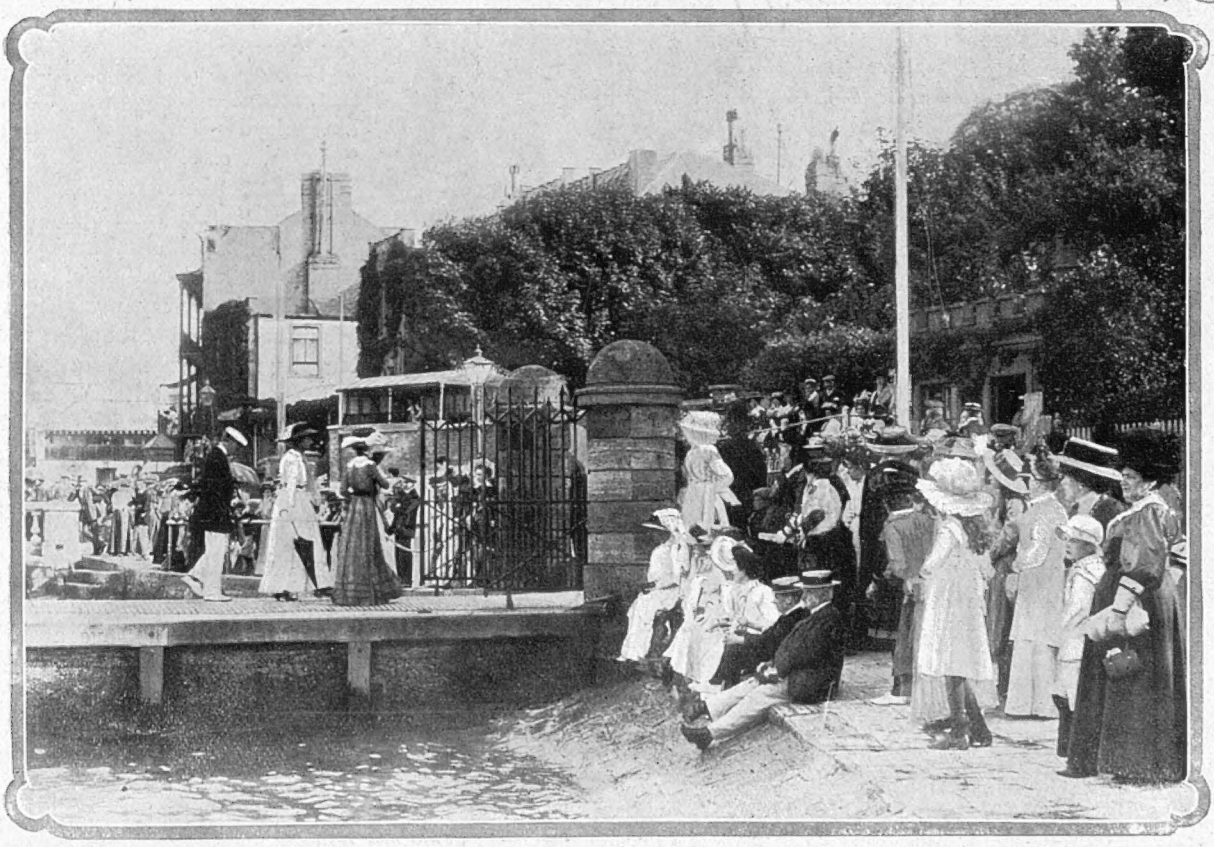
Photographs *Topical Agency*

Sir Maurice and Lady Fitzgerald, Mr. Godfrey Baring, Lady Clementine Waring, and others on the Landing-Stage at Cowes

Cowes Attractions: Supposed and Real

WHAT SPECTATORS ARE SUPPOSED TO GO OUT TO SEE: THE YACHTS

In this picture the yachts are seen leaving their moorings for the mark-boat in the Roads for the races



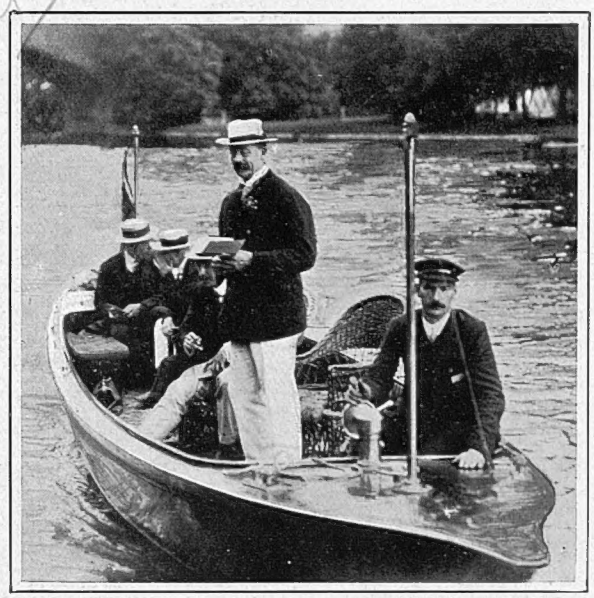
Photographs *Cribb*

WHAT THEY REALLY DO GO TO SEE: SOCIETY IN THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON GROUNDS

The masses are not interested in the races; they keep round the stage of the R.Y.S. watching the coming and going of the Society people

The Country-House Season

Only one day more, and pop ! oh, *what* a life for the little red bird on the heather ! Friday is the Twelfth, the ever-glorious Feast of St. Grouse, and from then onwards, till the days draw in a bit and thoughts of theatres and little suppers at the Savoy unaccountably obtrude, the country-house parties — those nice orgies of high living and low thinking—are the summit of the social order of things. On the Squadron lawn last week it was being discussed with ardour just how many meals a guest at a really smart country house consumes in a day, and the answer worked out, I think, at nine ! Three legitimate ones, breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, and six illegitimates, intermediates, incidentals, such as early tea and toast, "elevenses," which, being translated, means the mid-morning glass of sherry and anchovy sandwich, and tea, which now only in the suburbs is limited to mere cake and bread-and-butter. Then, as you dress for dinner, some Madeira and a savoury biscuit help to pass the time ; two hours after dinner there is supper in the smoking-room, and when, at long last, we retire to bed, there would be trouble did no *en cas de nuit* (which varies from a cold bird and burgundy to chocolates and a whisky flask) await our pleasure beside our well-earned couch.



Photograph *Sport and General*

Professional Punting Championship and Punting Handicap at Maidenhead : Lord Desborough Timing the Races

The Countess of Huntingdon, with the Winner of the First Prize at the Atherstone Hunt Puppy Show

Sinister Suffragettes

The Prime Minister is making, I see, a round of country-house visits. I sincerely hope he is enjoying them, for, from information received, they may, it seems, be his last, on this vile planet, at any rate. "What do all these dire threats mean ? " I asked a well-known and certainly quite sane Suffragette the other day. "What *are* you going to do when the vacation is over ? " And she answered me, with all seriousness and every indication of calm, "Well, first, get rid of Mr. Asquith ! " Precisely how she proposed to do it, I don't quite like to think. But there was purpose in her masterful eye.

The Lytton Coterie

Most people are now wishing they'd give them the vote, and then we should have peace, for there never was an argument to equal it for stirring up strife in otherwise peaceful families ! The quarrel between the always conciliatory Lord Lytton and the sometimes rather irascible Home Secretary after the recent Suffrage Bill was a really serious one ; and there is consternation in Woking, where Lady Betty Balfour has incontinently resigned her Presidency of the Primrose League, Mr. Macmaster, the Member for the Chertsey Division, not having voted according to her ladyship's views on the Bill. I hear it whispered, too, that "A. J. B." would vote "anti" if he dared, but, fortunately, he daren't, both Lady Betty and Lady Frances Balfour being in the family.

Kingship and Criticism

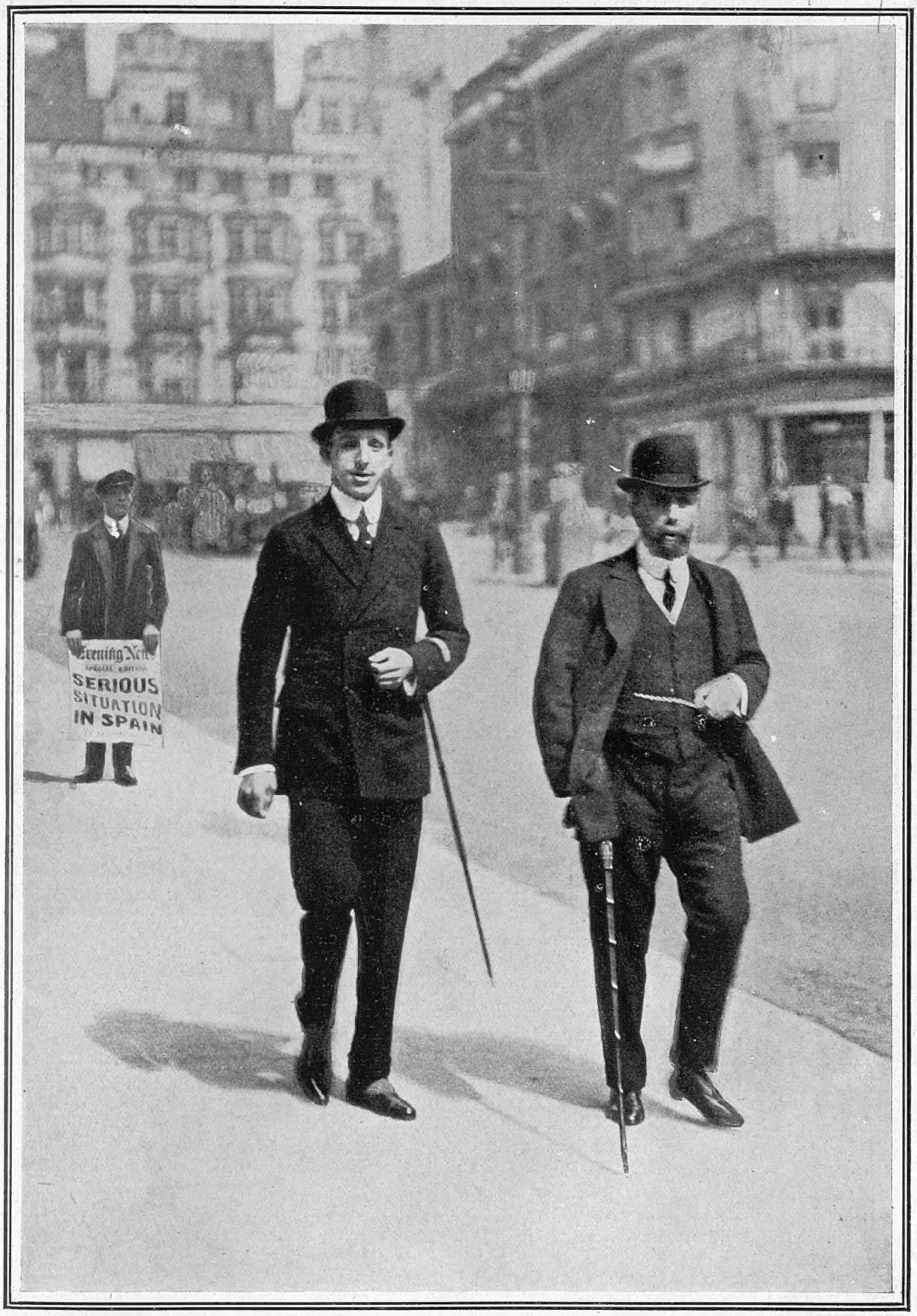
The Spectator, with its customary downright common sense, has taken, in my opinion, exactly the right line in regard to Mr. Keir Hardie's recent criticisms of Royalty. I don't like Socialism, and Socialists bore me, but a Socialist is a Socialist, and when the Civil List comes up, to heap abuse upon him for attacking it is like abusing a bee for buzzing. Mr. Keir Hardie's remarks about Royalty were, in substance and in fact, untrue — their lives are, as Mr. Lloyd George said, *not* of "luxury, ease, and idleness." Why not, therefore, instead of barking "bad taste" at Mr. Hardie, just politely point out to him, by careful citation of Royal activities, how very wrong he is ? We must realise that the strength of Royalty lies in consensus of opinion as to its genuine merits. To forbid criticism, which may be perfectly honest, is to institute a *lèse-majesté* law in England, which, I think, we can manage very well without.

The Weather

The poor weather continues to do its best. Over and over again it has tried its hardest not to rain, but force of habit ever gains the mastery. "If July couldn't stop it," weeps August, "who am I that I should aspire to do so ? " And so we go miserably on, looking forward to January, and the Sunny South and Switzerland. For a summer that isn't summer is infinitely worse than winter that is winter. Meanwhile, London continues full (not "empty," please, oh halfpenny ones !). The restaurants and theatres are packed.

Cartoon by Camera

DARING ATTEMPT IN ST. JAMES'S STREET



Our photographer, having caught King Alfonso wearing a peculiarly unconcerned smile on his face, subsequently spied a newsboy bearing the placard, "Serious Situation in Spain." He connected the two thoughts together—rightfully, it now appears, for His Majesty's expression precisely reflected the "situation," which subsequently proved—thanks to the energy of his Prime Minister—not to be "serious" at all

Révélations Russes

Is there a Russian Smart Set? I heard at Cowes, where the lady, in wonderful Lucille frocks, was much to the fore, that Mrs. Clayton Glyn, in the book she is shortly bringing out, will reveal to us much that we didn't know already, but would like to have known before, about how the members of the Smart Set in Russia really do behave in their own homes. It's a cold country, Russia, as everyone knows, but you can, if you like, have a warm time apparently even in St. Petersburg; and, anyway, Mrs. Glyn has been revolving, as the guest of the Grand Duchess Vladimir, in the most exalted of circles, so what she does not know about it can hardly be considered worth knowing.

Elinor Glyn—Personal

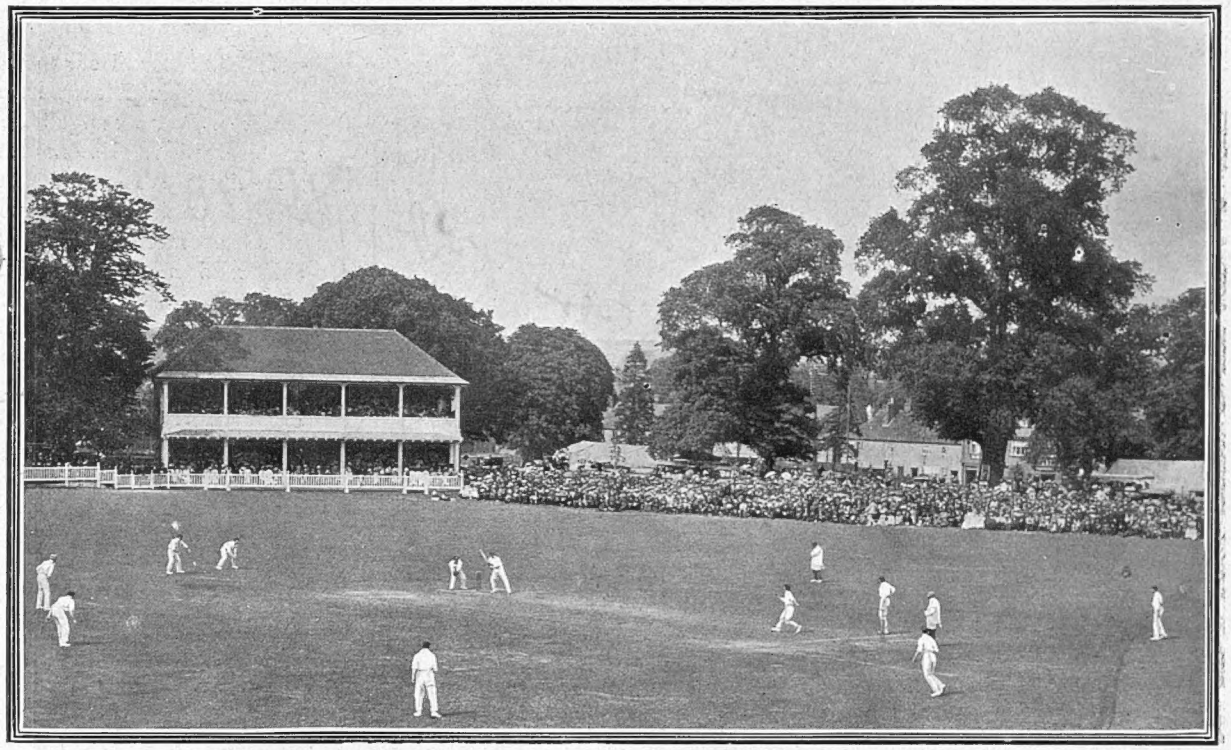
Mrs. Glyn, by the way, bears, at least, an outward resemblance to *some* of her heroines. She is slim, auburn-haired, and almond-eyed. She dresses with an apparent desire for complete self-extinction, for what one sees of her face, even when sitting next to her at lunch, is the most fugitive of glimpses. She applies the same eliminating tactics to her personality, which must take successive cycles of lives fully to understand. I gleaned, however, from one conversation, that she is addicted to Spiritualism; is sensitive to unfair criticism; loves luxury, and even when composing literature, does so reclining on a soft sofa not far—in winter—from a roaring fire. She writes, for preference, at night, and a favourite Persian cat is usually present. Mrs. Glyn likes her publishers to "excuse spelin," her "ritin" being, in her view, their chief affair. She will *never* write to order, but only upon whim. A subtle, charming, elusive personality, not unknown in ladies' clubland, I am indebted to her for one amusing story of herself. An American illustrated paper, in publishing her photograph, referred to her as (I quote from memory) a lady who was eternally trying, but without success, to get into Society. Unfortunately, the photograph they published showed her in her presentation robes. *Verb. sap.*

The Late Mrs. Nicholas Lechmere

I am sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Nicholas Lechmere, whose portrait has on more than one occasion appeared in THE BYSTANDER. Mrs. Lechmere had undergone a long and very painful illness, and she passed away the week before last at Brighton. The funeral took place from Henley Castle, Worcestershire, and there was a Requiem Mass the same day at Blackmore, Worcestershire.

We Give Our Thanks!

The most successful hosts of the past season were Mrs. Harold Pearson, Mrs. Arthur James, Mrs. George Holdsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grenfell, Lady Miller, Lady Esther Smith, and one or two others that I should much like to mention; but no, I will refrain; there have been so many mysterious entertainments, that must not be spoken of except under the breath, that I do not like to run the chance of getting myself disliked. Still, if anyone fancies they ought to be included in the list of successful hostesses, pray send me a line and I will consider the application; but it does not at all follow that I shall publish their names.



Ladies' Day at Canterbury: Kent v. Gloucester. A General View

The Canterbury Cricket Week was brilliantly successful. Kent played glorious cricket, defeating Middlesex, their most dangerous rivals in the race for the Championship, by an innings. The social festivities, which included the production of a new farce, *Lovely Woman*, by Paul Rubens and Harold Whittaker, were all largely attended

After Roosevelt

I hear that Mr. Rupert Guinness and Lady Gwendolen Guinness are going hunting lions and tigers towards the end of September, somewhere in Africa, where lions and tigers congregate; and later on, Mr. Walter Guinness, not to be outdone, is going on a similar expedition from Mombasa.

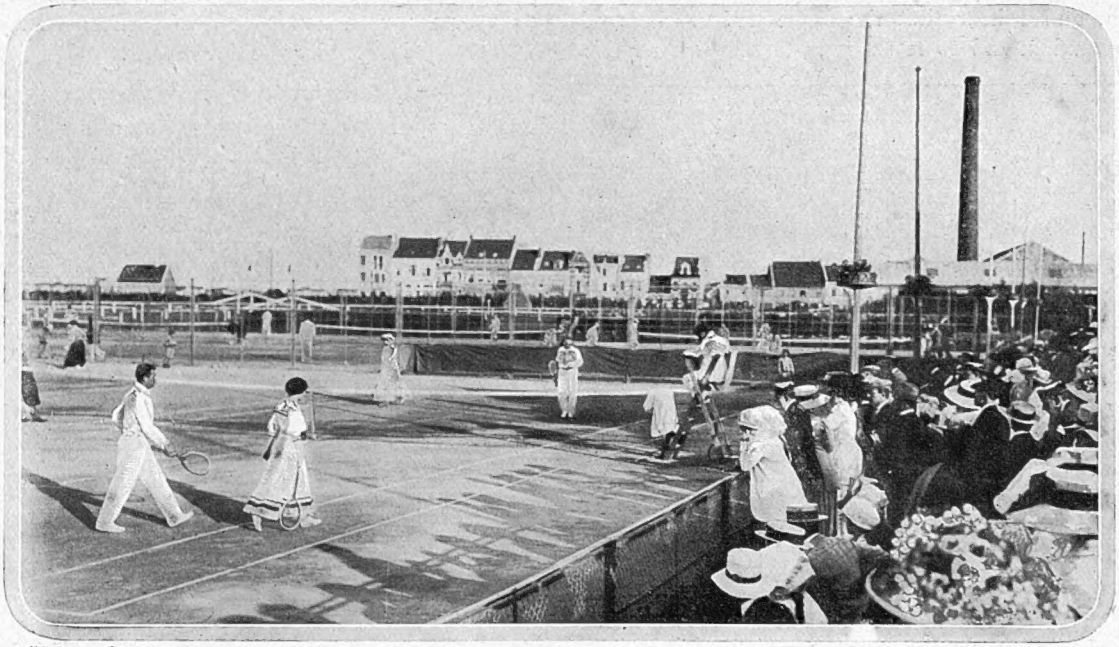
Rival Distractions at Ostend

The Ostenders Bathe: A Daily Morning Scene

The bathing at Ostend is excellent, and the number of ladies anxious to learn to swim quite up to the average

Pigeon Shooting at Ostend

General view of the Grand Pavilion, showing visitors being entertained to tea (and so on) by members of the Club



Photographs *Commercial*

Lawn Tennis at Ostend

Mr. A. F. Wilding taking part in a Mixed Double before a warmly appreciative audience

The Start of Staghunting

Bad luck awaited the holiday-makers who regard the opening meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds as a royal opportunity for an outing of mingled excitement and sport. It was a miserably wet day for the start of the season last week. The mounted field, too, was comparatively small. However, visitors are as numerous as ever, and are likely to enjoy first-rate sport until the delights of early foxhunting call them to other countries. There is an indescribable charm about Exmoor hunting which appeals strongly to horsemen and horsewomen. The glorious surroundings, the pure air of the moor, the feeling of having one's hunting "out of season," the opportunity of getting fit for the foxhounds later, and, above all, the interesting character of the whole sport, from the tufting to the *morte*—all these things help to attract the Devon and Somerset's large following in August and September. In recent years more ladies have ridden astride to these staghounds than with any other pack, and there would seem to be no decline in the fashion this season.

The Opening Meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds
Sidney Tucker (huntsman) bringing hounds up to Cloutsham

Current Polo

Although the polo season has come to an end at the fashionable London clubs, it must not be imagined that the game is all over for this year. On the contrary, finer play was seen at Rugby last week than in the majority of the London tournaments. This week the Duke and Duchess of Westminster are entertaining many friends for a polo tournament at Eaton, and I hear that the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland intend to run a private tournament this season. Both their boys are extremely keen on the game. In the week of the Dublin Horse Show there will be an unusually good tournament on the Nine Acres, and Captain Hardress Lloyd tells me that he hopes to form a team there from among the players who have been invited to go to America with him next spring in quest of the International Cup. England's captain considers it likely that he will be able to get the right men to accompany him to the States; indeed, he assures me the main difficulty of the undertaking is centred not so much in the players as in the ponies. American dollars have so completely drained this country of her best polo mounts that it is difficult to get hold of really good ones now for love or money. Undoubtedly the best-mounted English player of to-day is the Duke of Westminster.

More Wonders!

They are wondering why they would not take her racing. They are wondering if they are wise in their generation. They are wondering who sent the strange tales from Cowes. They are wondering why the yachting party fell through. They are wondering if he has taken his name off a certain well-known London Club. They are wondering who advised him to do so. They are wondering if they really went fishing at Sandown in the Isle of Wight. They are wondering when a Peeress is not a Peeress. They are wondering how the names of the Earl and Countess got included in the Cowes party. They are wondering if it is correct to talk to Royalty with hands in the pockets. They are wondering if he is sorry he did so now.

Photographs *Topical Agency*

The Opening Meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds at Cloutsham: Sidney Tucker (Huntsman) and His Pack

The Devon and Somerset invariably open the hunting season. They hunt the wild red deer over the moors and woodlands of the two counties. Captain A. S. Adkins is the present Master. The opening meet of the season was unfortunately spoilt by the weather

A Bystander Himself—Now!

LORD KITCHENER, WITH SIR FREDERICK MILNER, BART., AT WELBECK ABBEY AGRICULTURAL SHOW

Lord Kitchener is the latest to be added to the War Office's list of discarded Field-Marshals. It is a little difficult to credit, but the Army Council prefers that the greatest soldier in the British Army should play the part of a bystander at an agricultural show rather than occupy a military post worthy of his genius. Is he to be reduced to amusing himself in the future by inspecting Boy Scouts and making occasional bellicose speeches in the Lords?

Thank You, Crippen!

Crippen has been a godsend to the Press. Without him, with the season over, politics off, and editors gravelled to arouse interest in silly season topics, he stepped in at the psychological moment. Having given the police the slip, and a run for the public's money, he took it into his head to illustrate to us how exceedingly weak has been hitherto our grasp of the romantic possibilities of modern science. The motor had been freely enough associated with crime, and even the aeroplane's legal utilities had been suggested by Mr. Grahame White when he flew to the police court to pay a fine. But wireless telegraphy, the most romantic of all, nobody had even thought of as a means of intercepting the fugitive. So Crippen obliged us with a little demonstration. Now, it will form the theme of more melodramatic plays and novels than will ever be staged or published.

Crime Prevention

As to Crippen himself, his case is, I believe, *sub-judice*, so the printer must put in the word "alleged" before every mention I may make of the word "murder." We shall all be trying him soon; gruesome details will be the order of the autumn, with, perhaps, a hanging as a culmination. All eyes will look towards Newgate, all ears will hearken for the knell of St. Sepulchre. How old-fashioned and Dickensian we still are, despite these marvels of modern science! Criminology is, as yet, in its infancy. Mr. Churchill has foreshadowed excellent reforms in the treatment of the prisoner, but where do we stand on the subject of the prevention of crime? If there is one subject paramount above all others, it is this.

Catch 'Em Young

People call the murderer "mad." But when is that ineffable word to be eliminated from our dictionary? It is as senseless to deny the existence of gradations between sanity and insanity as it is to deny the colours of the rainbow. Such men are the result of a certain process of cerebration in a certain environment. Capital punishment is, indeed, shutting the gate after the horse has been stolen. We should, of course, have *known* our man years ago. In his childhood he must have betrayed certain peculiarities, and were psychology an obligatory study in school-teachers, these should have been duly noted, and the man's subsequent career a subject of some sort of regulation. The question of the future is anthropology. The proper study of mankind is man. We should capture our quarry long before he gets to Quebec. The rope which we give him should be applied, in a sane society, before, not after, his crime.

Photograph *Val l'Estrange*

The Hon. Violet Meysey-Thompson, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Knaresborough

Just engaged to Captain Vandeleur, 2nd Life Guards, only surviving son of the late Hector Vandeleur, of Kilrush and Cahiracon, Co. Clare

Memoirs of a Princess

Discretion, that dullest part of valour, plays, by the way, the most secondary of parts in the latest of Court chronicles as given to the world by that Princess Caroline Murat who was a leading light of the Smart Set of the Second Empire. Her world was one, as she remarks, "of love, of luxury, of folly," in which the first thought in the morning was, "How shall we amuse ourselves to-day?" and the last at night, "How shall we amuse ourselves to-morrow?" and the history thereof is a series of *chroniques scandaleuses*, upon which even our own Lady Cardigan herself could hardly improve.

Eros in Paris

The Princess has a delightfully naïve way of putting things. She tells how the prettiest daughter of Marshal Magnan was asked to represent, at a *bal masqué*, Eros, the figure of love. She wrote to her father: "Dear Papa, —*Je fais l'amour ce soir.* Send me, I implore you, all the costume I shall need for the part." To which the gallant Marshal responded, "Certainly," and, of course, as the Princess complacently concludes, "he sent her nothing."

The Empress Eugénie

For the very hale and hearty old lady who has for so many years now lived happily in England the Princess has but one tribute—that which every Frenchwoman pays to elegance and beauty. The Memoirs show the Empress Eugénie as a woman whose only ideas in life were clothes and gaiety, and under whose influence at the French Court affairs of State were dismissed with the most amazing levity. In order to become a dignitary of State in the time of the Second Empire "wit was the only requisite, especially the wit which enabled a man to please the Empress," and of the much-debated part played by the Empress in the Franco-German War, the Princess Murat has only this to say—that it was under the direct influence of his wife that the last Napoleon signed, utterly against his own inclinations, the declaration of war.

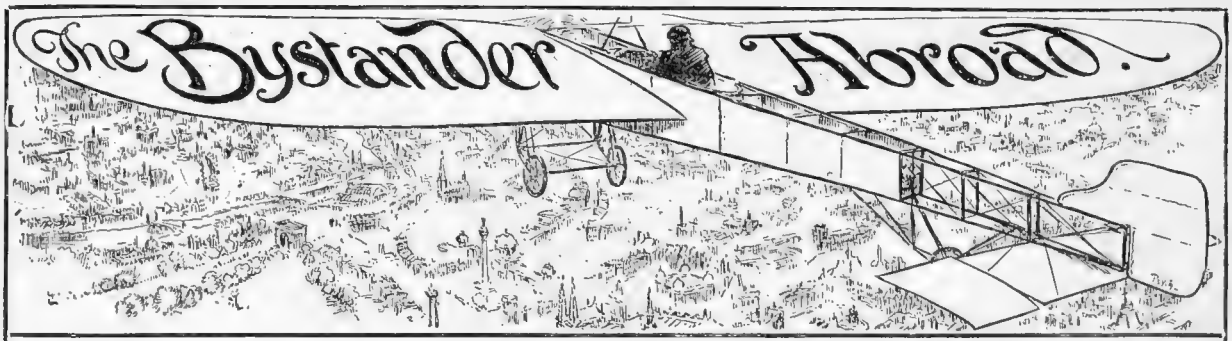
A Testimonial to the Literary Life

A FAMOUS AUTHOR'S MENTAL AND BODILY VIGOUR AFTER SEVENTY YEARS

Camera Picture by *Hoppé*

MR. RICHARD WHITEING

The famous novelist, who celebrated his seventieth birthday on the 27th ult. His most celebrated book, "No. 5 John Street," is known all over the world, others of his successes being "Ring in the New," "All Moonshine," and "Little People." Mr. Whiteing is tall and very dignified in appearance, is in excellent bodily health, and is still in his intellectual prime. He was awarded a pension on the occasion of the last revision of the Civil List



Marienbad Still Itself: Egypt's Confidence in Sir Eldon Gorst: Greek Money Causing Trouble in Turkey

Floreat Marienbad!

When the sad death of King Edward was announced it was feared that the prosperity of Marienbad would come to an end. Every time that it was rumoured our late Sovereign was to desert Marienbad for Evian, or any other place, the inhabitants of this charming little Bohemian "Bad" threw up their hands in despair. It meant practically ruin to them! But their fears have not been justified. Marienbad has, so far this year, had a most prosperous season. To its pine forests and mud baths have come many who have had to sacrifice till now the healing waters to the fear of being indiscreet and disturbing the late King's *incognito*. Sir Herbert Tree, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and others who frequented Carlsbad *faute de mieux*, are now in Marienbad. Count Aehrenthal and Hakhi Pasha, the Grand Vizier of Turkey, would hardly have dared to stay in Marienbad had Britain's Sovereign been there, nor would M. Philippe Crozier, the French Ambassador in Vienna, and Sir Fairfax Cartwright, the British Ambassador, have travelled together and faced the criticism of the Press assembled in this little *kur ort* to watch and report the smallest detail connected with the life and work of Edward VII. I am truly thankful that George V. has not decided to follow his father's example and patronise a Continental Bad.

Señor Canalejas

The Spanish Liberal Premier, who is leading the revolt against the alleged control of the Vatican over Spanish politics

Sir Eldon Gorst's Success

The threatened appointment of Sir Eldon Gorst to the Embassy of Constantinople filled Egyptians interested in the progress and development of their country with consternation. Sir Eldon Gorst may not be the great administrator his predecessor was, or a man of the commanding will and organising capacity of Lord Kitchener, but he has certain qualities which have not only endeared him to the Egyptians generally, but have also made him the right man in the right place from the point of view of those who know Egypt's wants and aspirations. There is nothing farther from the truth than to suppose Egypt is yearning for self-government in the sense in which the Irish Home Rulers want it for Ireland. The party which clamours for any such Home Rule has little or no following in the country. The wise men of Egypt, like Riaz Pasha—the man who has won the highest honour in his own land—are the last to wish the British occupation should come to an end. There are no two opinions among the Egyptians as regards the wish to see the power of the Legislative Council increased for Egyptian domestic affairs. Hitherto the Egyptian "Parliament" has had a purely consultative character. Sir Eldon Gorst secured his popularity by treating the resolutions of this "Parliament" with more consideration than did Lord Cromer. This, in turn, has encouraged the Parliament to become more practical in their deliberations, seeing that if they were good, sound proposals Sir Eldon would recommend their adoption to the Khedive. Thus gradually a policy of mutual understanding and consideration is displacing the old distrust.

A Turkish Difficulty

A correspondent writes to me from Constantinople that "the difficulties in new Turkey are by no means even nearing an end. One of them is the wealth of the Asiatic Greeks. Before the new *régime* came into force the Greeks, Bulgars, Serbs, and Roumans warred with one another for the intellectual supremacy over the populations of Macedonia. This was done through schools, political clubs, and secret societies, especially by the Greeks who had the money. The Bulgarians, on the other hand, reinforced their persuasive powers by the possession of weapons. Serbs and Roumans were ready at all times to side with revolt against the Turk, but had their own intermittent fish to fry. The difficulty with Greece over Crete has filled the coffers of the Greek agitators, and the Bulgarian subjects of the Sultan have not become enamoured of the new *régime*. The new Parliament is a Turkish Parliament. The Committee of Union and Progress is a Turkish Committee. Greek and Bulgar have now, at least theoretically, a common cause, resistance to Turkish supremacy, and the Turkish Government has become alarmed for the possible consequences of Greek money helping the bold fellows who have made Bulgaria the powerful State it is."

La Vie Sportive

AN IMPRESSION AT THE DIEPPE RACES

BY LEWIS BAUMER

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

IT is gratifying to think that though Inspector Dew was disguised as a pilot on the famous occasion of Crippen's capture, he made no attempt to undertake the duties of one. Otherwise, a passage up the St. Lawrence at that time might have been a very unpleasant experience for lots of innocent people.

* * *

BUT the police, though slow in the uptake, are not wholly devoid of intelligence, though they rarely, if ever, see so many sides of a question as the reporters on a halfpenny paper.

* * *

WHETHER Scotland Yard will need to be overhauled, as a result of this case, is open to question. It looks as though either our police or our Press would bear improvement.

* * *

POLITICIANS are not much to be envied after all. While other folk are taking their holidays, the members of the Conference, wherever they go, will still be haunted by the presence of their dreaded secret.

* * *

TRUE, no Inspector Dew or Signor Marconi is after them, and it is not necessary for Mr. Asquith or Mr. Balfour to adopt any disguise other than that of a yachtsman or golfer. But one can quite imagine them saying—when concealment of their deeds is no longer possible—"Thank Heaven it is all over! We have not slept for days."

* * *

VISITORS to Paris will be interested in M. Lépine's new street-traffic arrangements. The general idea of them is to give the foot-passenger a chance of escaping with his life

* * *

ONE point insisted on by M. Lépine is that drivers shall slacken speed when they have to turn a corner sharply. It is a good point to make, as many of those who have been either run over at a corner by a Paris cab or upset in it will agree.

* * *

ANOTHER point is that not more than three empty cabs shall go down some of the principal streets in succession. There seems nothing to object to in this rule. It is at best only offering to those who wish to cross the principal streets on foot what might be called a sporting chance.

* * *

PROFESSOR DALL-OSSO has, as a result of excavations, discovered two very rich tombs of women warriors, with war chariots over the remains, dating from the Iron Age. This seems to be thought to prove that, even at that date—and before the invention of Jiu-jitsu—women were deemed competent to fight on equal terms with men.

* * *

TO Suffragettes, elated by this apparent confirmation of their view that woman is fit for any profession, I would point out that archæology is largely guess-work, and the lady warriors may have been anti-Suffragettes, who only adopted militant garb to overawe their recalcitrant sisters.

* * *

ANYWAY, it all dates from the Iron Age—a period at which the right to vote was less valued than several other forms of human activity—such as the ability to get first bite at the dinosaur which the mere man had killed as it was trying to carry off his family to its den.

* * *

"THE nautical element in dress"—says the *Mail*—"will be more than usually pronounced this year at Cowes in the King's honour." And at Margate, too—though whether entirely in the King's honour one can hardly say—there are likely to be some white yachting caps in evidence.

* * *

AN esteemed contemporary has ordained that the fashionable fair motorist "should order dress, coat, millinery, boot-tops, and hosiery of one hue to agree or harmonise with the car."

* * *

CONSIDERING the dust on the roads at present this harmony of colour is pretty easily obtained without the help of the dressmaker, one would have supposed. And in any case, surely, some little distinguishing feature should be allowed to the fair passenger, if only to ensure that, in the event of the motor turning over, the rustic should have some chance of seeing which part of the harmony wanted rescuing first?

MEMORIES

By W. Birkenruth

The Parvenu's Progress

4.—HIS YOUNGEST HAPPENS TO MENTION "THE SHOP" IN THE PRESENCE OF THE VICAR'S WIFE

BY H. M. BATEMAN

Sisters of the Sabre: Lady

MISS JULIE JOHNSTONE, LADY CHAMPION FOR 1910

Miss Johnstone, by going undefeated through the final pool of the Ladies' Championship Competition at the Sword Club on June 1, became the holder of the title in succession to Miss Martin Edmunds. For grace, correctness of position, vivacity, and abundance of resource, the new champion had attracted attention in the preliminary rounds, and her spirited attacks in her last fights consummated her victory. The portraits on this and the opposite page were painted by Mr. W. Howard Robinson, and are considered excellent likenesses

Fencing Champions Past and Present

MISS M. H. HALL, LADY CHAMPION FOR 1907-1909

Although successful in winning the Ladies' Fencing Championship two years ago, Miss Hall has not been too well rewarded by fortune. Possessing a beautiful style and a very sound defence, Miss Hall was not able to show her best form last year, when Miss Martin Edmunds deprived her of the title; and in the recent competition a slight strain of the knee caused her to rely on defensive tactics. Her bout with Miss Johnstone was only lost after an indecisive engagement of four minutes, in which neither fencer was touched

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

WHILE we are waiting for the theatrical season to recover consciousness, it has occurred to me that I might be able to secure a little attention for a note on the famous literary landmarks of London. It is true that I know very little of London, and still less of literature; but if you are going to bar people from writing about things they don't understand you would have to shut up the best part of Fleet Street. It seemed to me that it would be a pleasant and joyous thing to live for a brief spell with the great souls of the past, to walk down the street with Doctor Johnson (if he left any room on the pavement), and to linger awhile by the historic spots where Milton milled and Shakespeare shook. Evidences of the ennobling effect of literary associations are not always obvious to the unaided eye in London; yet now and again we get a suspicion that our literary heroes have not lived in vain. Even the historic thoroughfare known in other days as Grub Street has been renamed to-day Milton Street, after the well-known and justly celebrated author of "Paradise Lost" and other works that are never read except in schools under an immediate threat of personal violence. I think the evolution of Grub Street into a higher stage of nomenclature must have been arrived at in this way. Milton was born in Bread Street, Cheapside. Now, bread is undoubtedly a form of "grub," and consequently when the change was in contemplation Milton's name must have suggested itself automatically. In fact, the thing is so obvious that I wonder it has not been mentioned before.

"To walk down Fleet Street with Dr. Johnson (if he left any room on the pavement)"

IF you walk up Fleet Street towards Temple Bar you come to the spot where gentle Izaak Walton lived over his haberdashery shop, and where he arrived at length at his famous conclusion that London is no place for an honest man. Izaak had been in business for about thirty years, and he probably knew what he was talking about. You can stand there, at the corner of Chancery Lane, and try to imagine how an environment of that sort could turn a haberdasher into an enthusiastic fisherman. I give it up, myself. Perhaps old Izaak would practise casting a fly across Fleet Street in the dead of the night; and it must have been very entertaining to see him leaning out of the first-floor window in the early morning with a rod and line trying to hook up the milk-can from the doorstep to save himself the trouble of going downstairs to fetch it. Most people have heard Doctor Johnson's definition of a fishing-line as "a piece of string, with a worm at one end and a fool at the other." This recalls to me an anecdote of gentle Izaak which, so far as I am aware, has not previously been published. It is said that one afternoon Izaak leaned out of his top-floor window and hooked old Sam Johnson in the back with a number-sixteen-steel-barbed-snap-tackle, and then called down and asked him whether he felt most like a worm or a fool. (This must be a printer's error. Walton died several years before Johnson was born.—ED.)

THIS corner of London is, as everyone knows, saturated with reminiscences of Charles Dickens. Just behind the Law Courts is a quaint little house which claims to be the Old Curiosity Shop "Immortalised by Charles Dickens." I believe there are differences of opinion as to the identity of the shop; but the present tenant takes the legend very seriously. He has a plaintive notice hanging on the wall of his shop, in which he points out that while he gets no allowance from the Government as custodian of such a remarkable heirloom, he is anxious to do his best to accommodate sightseers. If you buy picture-postcards at the shop you are permitted to go upstairs into what the proprietor "believes to be" Little Nell's bedroom. If you don't buy postcards you are asked to pay threepence for the privilege in question. When I got upstairs I found a small room filled partly with lumber and partly with an American gentleman, his wife, and their daughter—a girl of about ten, who had apparently come some distance to see the room formerly occupied by Little Nell. The American gentleman expressed himself as rather disappointed with the room

from a spectacular point of view. He hinted to me that he had expected to find a Dickens manuscript or two, and possibly a relic of Little Nell here and there. But there wasn't so much as a hairpin.

WHEN we got downstairs and expressed our disappointment to the proprietor, that gentleman said he had done his best, but it really did not pay him to have people coming there to inspect the premises. If it does not pay a man to show you nothing for threepence, what is your own profit on the deal worked out to five decimal places? I should rather like to have this gentleman's idea of a really remunerative enterprise. I should also like to see the evidence on which this room is "believed to have been occupied by Little Nell." To begin with, as there never was any such person as Little Nell, she could not very well have had a bedroom. And then Dickens, in "The Old Curiosity Shop," expressly states that the bedroom of the child his brain had created was a kind of cupboard which was reached by a door that opened into it from the sitting-room behind the shop. And as the "little bed that a fairy might have slept

in" was visible to those in the sitting-room, it could hardly have been located at the top of a narrow and winding staircase.

THE house of Thomas Carlyle stands on surer ground, and when you pay your money for the goods, delivery is practically guaranteed by the Government. The only drawback to Carlyle's house, from the showman's point of view, is what seemed to me to be a lack of business management. For instance, outside the door is a brass plate containing an announcement to the effect that the price of admission is one shilling; but that parties of ten can be admitted at the reduced rate of sixpence per head. Mr. Morrow and myself are both of necessity frugal souls, and, having read that notice, we naturally waited for a while on the pavement outside the house in the hope that eight more people would arrive and allow us to make a party of it. As time went on and no one else turned up, we came gradually to the conclusion that, after all, the Sage of Chelsea wasn't anything like a popular author. It was Lord Morley, I believe, who said that Carlyle was doubtless a great writer, but that

speaking for himself personally the English language was good enough for him; and as the author of those delightful monographs on Rousseau and Voltaire, Lord Morley is clearly entitled to speak with authority. Carlyle's irritating method of fitting essential substantives with a capital initial gives one the impression all the time that he is a spelling reformer under Teutonic influence; and his method of word-building on the comprehensive German system is not, I think, likely to be popular in this country.

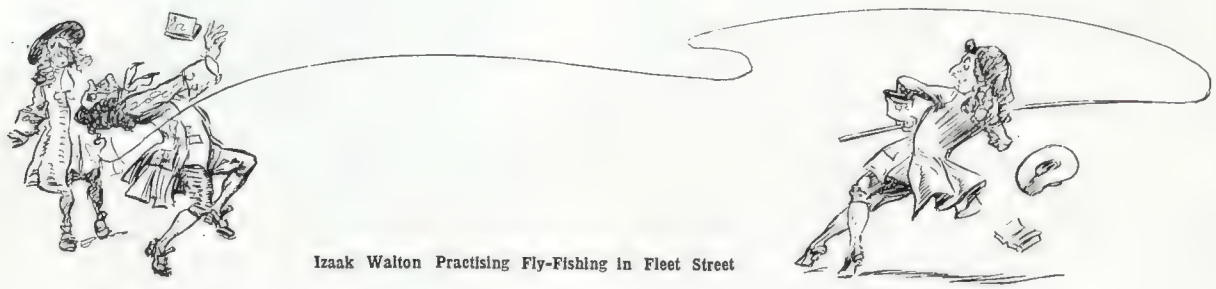
I SHOULD not like it to be thought that I have any personal grievance against the late Mr. Carlyle: but I had to find some excuse for not paying a shilling to go into the house in which he lived, and when you have no case, everybody knows that your best course is to disparage the plaintiff. Although we did not see the interior of Carlyle's house, we saw the omnibus route along which Thomas took his ride every evening from Chelsea to Victoria and back. It

was apparently the only form of exercise the Sage allowed himself. On one .occasion, after having paid his fare, Carlyle received a threepenny-piece from the conductor in the change. After looking at the coin solemnly for an instant, the old man said, politely: "Will ye be sae gude as to give me the coppers instead. I'm frae Glasgie, ye ken, and naturally, therefore, a bit reckless wi' my money, and if I hae it a' in one piece I might be tempted to spend it all at once." Somewhere in this neighbourhood is the house in which Dante Gabriel Rossetti lived, and where his later years were cheered by the exhilarating companionship of that very eminent man, Mr. Hall Caine. I could not, however, find the house on the spur of the moment, and I trust that no gentle reader will go to the trouble of pointing out to me the spot on which it stands. Rossetti was a great—a terribly great—genius, but his work, whether in poetry or painting, always gives me a creepy feeling; and a journalist who is not altogether a tee-totaler cannot afford to go out of his way to take unnecessary risks of seeing the things that are not.

I THINK an article on literary London would be incomplete without some modest reference to —myself. (Here, stop it! Our readers won't stand that sort of thing.—ED.) Now and again, in my walks through London, I pass the house where I was born, and the little window where the sun came peeping in at morn. And all that kind of thing. But no one ever pauses outside the house to drop a tear; and no one ever seems to want to pay threepence to see the bedroom in which I slept as a young and innocent child That shows you that there is no justice for the poor man in this country. The British Museum authorities have never asked me to allow them to put one of my manuscripts under a glass case, although I have one by me that does not seem (in the opinion of Editors who have declined it with thanks) to be fitted for anything else; and no one has ever expressed a desire to purchase at a fabulous price the first tall hat which I wore as a young man, and which I still occasionally wear on fine days, after having carefully inked up the faded edges of the brim. It would not have occurred to me to voice my own claims to public recognition if, at the moment of sitting down to consider this article, I had not been favoured with a letter from a publishing firm asking permission to include my name in a large and weighty book of reference which is now in course of preparation. It is nothing less than a list of all the people who count for anything in the whole wide world, and the circular pays me the high compliment of informing me that my "name is on the revised list of eligibles." I am not quite sure what this means, but it sounds awfully flattering. All that I have to do is to forward particulars of myself (or such as may be prudently divulged), together with a cheque for One Pound Sterling, and a few weeks later I may expect to receive a copy of the book in which I Positively Appear as one of the Elect.

MY present inclination is not to devote One Pound Sterling to this lofty purpose, as I have a rooted conviction that if you have to turn up a book of reference to see who a man is, he can't be much, anyway. But I cannot help feeling that this complimentary offer points the way to a new career for me. I think as a commercial enterprise it is worth considering. All you have to do is to write round to about a hundred thousand people of small account and offer to include them in your forthcoming monumental work entitled "The Salt of the Earth," at One Pound Sterling a head. They will bite greedily. The expenses attached to publication can hardly exceed, at a most generous estimate, ten shillings a copy, and if you work the sum out carefully on the back of an old envelope you will see that the profit on the venture will be about fifty thousand pounds. This seems to me to be much better than working; while it beats fluttering in Rubbers all hollow. I think, on the whole, I would prefer to be the obscure proprietor of such a work of reference rather than a celebrity on one of the inside pages at an out-of-pocket cost of One Pound. (Sterling.) As the poet says somewhere, give me the people's money and I don't care who wears the laurel crowns.

JINGLE.



Izaak Walton Practising Fly-Fishing in Fleet Street

Pencil Portraits of Stage Favourites

(DULY AUTOGRAPHED BY THEMSELVES)

MISS ELSIE SPAIN: DRAWN FROM LIFE BY R. G. MATHEWS

(Previous issues containing drawings by R. G. Mathews of Miss Gertrude Elliott, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Winifred Emery, Mlle. Anna Pavlova, Mlle. Gaby Deslys, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and by Harold H. Smith of Sir H. Tree, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Lily Elsie, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. H. B. Irving, and Mr. Lewis Waller, may be obtained from the Publisher)

PARIS SHOWS et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

"Après la Corrida": By Raphael Lewisohn
A picture exhibited at the Paris Salon des Beaux-Arts this year

At the Baths of the Sea

WE Britishers, when by any chance we get a summer and a holiday at one and the same time, go to the seaside. But we are such prosaic people. Our neighbours and their wives, or other people's wives, go to the baths of the sea—a very different thing indeed. I don't want to give any particular place a free advertisement, so let us choose a type and call it Troubourg. *Eccolo!*

Troubourg-Sur-Mer

Sand, villas, sea, clothes, an old town with ancient and fishlike smells, and a new town with the fashion of the week after next, and funny little jewellers' shops with the *laissés pour compte* of the Rue de la Paix at the price the shopkeeper thinks you may have in your pocket. Over the sand, boards, so that the pretty shoes of the "bathers"—I put the word in quotation marks for obvious reasons—shall not be spoiled. Under the bathing costumes of the bathers, corsets, so that——I hardly like to say. The boards and the corsets are really an epitome of Troubourg. It is the most unreal place on earth. Of course, you can't get any fish there. That is to say, you can get it, but it probably comes from the other side of France. You get excellent fish in Biarritz, for instance. They get it by special train from Dieppe and Paris. I have never inquired, but I am quite prepared to believe that in Dieppe most of the fish comes from Biarritz in the summer. There are two ways of living at Troubourg. You either stay in an hotel or you take a villa. Both are above your means, whatever your means may be. This is a great truth, which everybody who has been to Troubourg in the month of August will endorse. You pay more than you can afford for your villa; all at once ruin yourself by degrees with the tradesmen afterwards. In the hotel you are charged ten francs on the bill if you look at the head-waiter, and twenty if you speak to him. The rest in proportion. But it is a good hotel. It is so good an hotel that you need never know you are not in the Ritz, Paris, the Savoy, or Carlton, London, or, for that matter, the Hotel Splendide anywhere, and you need never venture near the sea in Troubourg at all if you prefer the Casino. Most people do. In fact, so well is this peculiarity established that the chairs (with little umbrellas over them to prevent complexions running down and staining valuable laces) are turned with their backs to the nasty wet sea and facing the well-swept boards which hide the ugly slippy sand. Of course, though, if you want to see the bathing you must go fairly near the water. Even Troubourg has not yet discovered a means of bathing on dry land. It will, some day. But Troubourg—fashionable Troubourg—bathes even now without getting *very* wet. There are pretty striped tents on the sands—I mean on the boards. Out of each tent emerges a lady. Her hair is prettily curled under a pretty hat, and, to the mere man, how she breathes is a mystery, so perfect is her figure. The figure begins just under the shoulders, and comes down well over the hips. It is warranted not to rust in case it should get wet, but this it very rarely does.

À la Baignade

Madame la Duchesse, or Mademoiselle de la Grande Marnière (the Duchess knows Mademoiselle by sight only, dontcherknow) wears stockings, shoes, and sometimes shoes and socks. But, *then*, she wears tights of a pale pink in addition to the socks. Her dress is only a bathing-dress by courtesy. It is really the dress of an over-titivated child. I saw an ordinary blue-and-white Anglo-Saxon serge bathing-dress at Troubourg once, and the shriek of "*quel horreur!*" rings in my ears yet. The lady who wore it went into the sea and got wet, except her hair, which she wore in a sponge bag And she swam, too. Nobody talked of anything else during the luncheon hour. But I should not like you to think that nobody at Troubourg bathes. The ladies of the two worlds take the baths, and their husbands and brothers and friends watch the proceeding and make notes. But the husbands of Troubourg bathe, they do. The brothers and friends, they dare not. They know what it looks like. But the husbands come down from Paris on Saturday afternoon and spend Saturday evening in the Casino. On Sunday morning, between eleven and half-past, the husbands of Troubourg get into striped jerseys, with dear little knickers. They are well worth the watching. They are either very thin or very fat, and always grotesque. No man who is not grotesque is a Troubourg husband in the technical sense of the word. They get into their striped costumes and wriggle their toes on the sand as the little hoppy things tickle them. They toddle down into the water, and as a wavelet tickles their big toes they turn to one another with a ghastly grin, and say, "*Il fait bon se baigner, hein?*" Then they walk in up to their knees, splash their striped chests gingerly with a palm-full of sea water, pour half a palm-full over their bald pates, take hands, jump up and down, and toddle up the sands again to dress for lunch. And after lunch they sleep an hour or two. Their wives encourage it. The brothers and the friends—*ce cher* Gaston, *ce cher* Gontran—must not be bored to death, even on Sundays.

A Passing Vision

"PASSANTE." BY LOUIS PICARD

An attractive picture in the Paris Salon des Beaux-Arts

"There is no Solemnity so Deep, to a R

Photograph]

A SUNRISE FROM THE SUMMIT

This photograph was taken at the moment of sunrise. It was enlarged from a negative, 4in. by 3in., and is absolutely untouched. Monte Generoso is near Lugano, Como, and Milan, and is ascended by funicular railway. The accessibility of its summit makes its ascent very popular with tourists. There are two hotels on the mountain, one about half way up and one at the summit, from which the above fine

ght-Thinking Creature, as that of Dawn"

—RUSKIN

F MONTE GENEROSO (5,590 ft.) [*Lady Issobel Douglas-Home*

notograph of a sunrise in the Alps was taken. From Bella Vista Point, close to the hotel, a magnificent panorama of Monte Rosa and ıe Swiss Alps can be obtained, but it is to view the glorious sunrises to be seen from Monte Generoso that the mountain's ascent is sually undertaken. The mountain hotel has plenty of accommodation, and is admirably managed

"HOUSEY": The Passing of a Great School

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. BY AN "OLD BOY"

The Hall, as Seen from Newgate Street

AMIDST the roar and tumult of mercantile London, there is now no place for the scholar. One by one the big Public Schools move away. The crowning blow came in the removal to Horsham of Christ's Hospital. A few years have passed and over the site of the old buildings are erected modern offices, quarters of Post Office employés. In a week or two they will be open, and the last trace of the Blue Coat boy will be wiped out from the City. Nowadays, even a blue-coated, bare-headed, yellow-stockinged youngster is a curiosity in Newgate Street. Some years since eight hundred such boys were a sight and a tradition.

Once a year the boys still come up to the Mansion House to receive the Lord Mayor's bounty, a shilling for ordinary boys, half a crown for monitors, and a guinea for Grecians. After the ceremony, as of old, they partake of buns and wine before retiring to hear sermon at Wren's ugly Christ Church, Newgate. Similarly the Lord Mayor goes down every summer to Horsham, but what a fall is this from the time when His Lordship drove to Newgate Street in a state coach with powdered coachman on the box.

The Giffs

Little Changed

It is curious how little the school institutions have altered since the days of Charles Lamb and that damaged archangel, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Although the quarter of a penny loaf, formerly constituting the scholar's breakfast (Lamb, by special favour, had tea and hot rolls), is exchanged for plentiful supplies of tasty bread and butter, the fare is still known as "crug." The small-beer, served in wooden piggins, has been superseded by coffee, or, in school parlance, "kiff." No longer would Lamb suffer from three banyan days a week and be constrained by hunger, "eldest, strongest of the passions," to accept extra viands brought him daily by his aunt. But there are still the Grecians, sixth-form boys, styled by Lamb "solemn muftis," the "King's boys," or, as the moderns call them, "mathemats," bred to the sea under the provision of Charles II., and the monitors, called "broadies," because of the wider girdle worn as a badge of office. Other distinctions are not known at Horsham. The masters are resident, and the keeping of order is no longer in the hands of "Dames," old ladies whose unfulfilled desire to "make the boys mind them" led them into all kinds of disastrous strategy. These Dames also darned the boys' hose, always of an inferior shade during term time, mended their clothes, and at meals ladled out the food. Also passed away are the old-time Beadles, who, in gorgeous uniform and silver badge, kept the grounds in order, and who on more than one occasion fished out of the swimming-bath youths who, in their eagerness for a dip, plunged in half dressed. It seems sad that, in the new and imposing surroundings at Horsham, the Blue Coat boy, in spite of his quaint habit, will grow more like other schoolboys. He no longer treads the London streets with "the self concentration of a young monk." He waives his rights to free admission to St. Paul's Cathedral and to the Tower. The strict discipline and hard work will continue to rear a worthy race of scholars, but now that they have ceased to inhabit the City and to gambol over the graves of the old Franciscans, methinks the romance of "Housey" is a trifle tarnished.

Photographs *H. H. W. Joel*

The Old Grecian Cloisters

Majestic Monte Rosa

Photograph *Donald McLeish*

MONTE ROSA, FROM THE ITALIAN SIDE, ABOVE MACUGNAGA

Monte Rosa is an Alpine mountain mass, with four principal peaks, the highest, the Dufourspitze, 15,217ft., in the Pennine Ridge, which separates the Swiss Canton of Valais from Italy. It is by many considered the most beautiful mountain in the world

The Passing of Old Japan: An Ancient Bridge that Still Survives

A BRIDGE SPANNING THE RIVER NISHIKI, JAPAN

The ancient bridges of Japan are rapidly disappearing. The picturesque structures of wood and stone are being replaced by safer though uglier bridges of iron and steel. The bridge in our picture is one of the few of the old-fashioned kind still surviving in Japan. At the Japanese-British Exhibition at the White City a small reproduction of this bridge may be seen

"Into Thy Hands, O Woman!"

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON

EUNICE married Watson for his money, which was very charming and very smart of her, and she went with him to somebody else's second-hand house upon an episode, styled facetiously honeymoon. They were to live happy ever after—but not too much together. Eunice's father had been a second son.

Eunice always said "they" and took it for testament that she was correct, but frankly she was not. She was right about herself, that goes without recital; but about Watson she was not right. As you have guessed by his name and the preceding paragraph, he came from an aboriginal place called "Back-blocks," and he suffered, as usual, from elephantiasis of the banking account. He was also far too polite to be a gentleman, and he believed in the sanctity of the marriage tie. Eunice found him rather trying.

But she was very good; she was patient with him. She understood very well that persons who are ballooned by that great ether of gold, from Back-blocks to Belgravia, cannot rid themselves easily of a certain number of primitive emotions and desires. She recognised he might be under an impression that because she was his wife there should be a certain indefinite amount of affection shown, a spell of lover-like intercommunion, even kisses when the servants were not about, and knowing this, she was patient; it drove her to sal volatile and incipient hysteria; but she was patient. He had great wealth after all, and she was the sixth daughter of a younger son (how is it that younger sons contract the habit of multifarious daughters?), and it is not often that sixth daughters of younger sons have opportunity to play with big bank balances. So she put up with that fortnight of *gaucherie*.

It was only when he evinced desire to prolong the matter that she got *really* angry. It was not until four months (yes, he persisted in his strange phantasie all that time) after their stay in Lord Beech's house, however, that she had actually asserted herself. Oliver (her husband's name was Oliver) had, she considered, been peculiarly odious. He had persisted in behaving in the manner, one suspected, that people living in Camberwell found enjoyable. He positively reeked of the "cosy fireside and heart to heart" talks; more than anything, he had been boorishly and vulgarly jealous—and had shown it.

It would not have pained her so much if he had not shown it. If he had gone into an empty room—the library for example—and let his anger consume him until his feelings were adequately relieved. No, in his ignoble, *bourgeois*, suburban way, he lost his temper, and made a scene like a melodrama of the Surrey side, and he had ordered Captain Merthyon from the house. Oliver had kicked a man of one of the best regiments out of the house, like a commercial traveller, just because he flirted with his wife.

She cornered the man in a counting-house of a room he chose to call his study, and she put the facts before him. She had a nice, level voice, and a tone that possessed some of the most frigid attributes of nicely bred and well-ordered ice-bags. Also, she had an infinite capacity for giving pain.

She felt that this was no moment for half measures; she decided to state the facts, and her precise position once, decidedly, and then have done with the topic. There must be no recurrence of the Captain Merthyon episode. There must be no recurrence of this suburban odour of domesticity, this reeking atmosphere of wifely duties. She would have no more sickly sentimentality about her life; their marriage had been a good, straight, worldly wise, business affair, as most marriages outside fiction were. They had both obtained what they had bargained for: he, assured position; she, an assured income. It was just as well to let him understand how they stood. So she stood at the mantel-head, and, in a manner very well balanced, very composed, and very well-bred, she told him—how they stood.

Oliver Watson sat in a swing chair by his desk—he still worked inordinately hard—and looked at her. He looked at her, and his face was singularly dispassionate. It occurred to her at the moment that it was extraordinary that the man should be able to hold his anger so well in check, and yet be so feeble willed in his moments of affection. Only the fingers of his right hand, fluttering on the blotter beside him, indicated that the man was alive. Something, indeed, in the implacable immobility of her husband annoyed her, and, possibly, she was inadequately harsh. She summed up the tacit reasons of their marriage, the functions of their holy state, the necessity for complete and individual independence, and the utter detestableness of anything primitive in nature, of suburban in effect, with a touch of acid. Especially as she touched upon that suburban manner of his was she acid.

"I thought marriages came through love," he interrupted once in a tone quite as level as her own.

"In the 'Back-blocks,'" she said. "Or in the suburbs. The vulgar little people who live in those places appear to enjoy it. In our circle, however——"

"One marries for money," he interpolated.

"Or position," she countered. But her husband only turned upon her savagely.

"I should like you to understand that at least I married you for love."

(All rights strictly reserved)

"That was foolish of you," she said scornfully. "I have no affectations. I married you, frankly, for what I had not, money. My father had exactly thirty-three pounds a year to settle on me—and the things that are most to my taste cannot be bought for that. So—so I married."

"And not a spark of affection."

"Good heavens!" she said. "What is there about you to strike sparks of affection?" She examined his homely figure as one examines a species of stud animal. She fully intended that he should pay for the annoyance he had caused her. "If it were not for your money you'd—you'd be *impossible*."

"So," he breathed; there was a nasty light at the back of his eyes that might have warned her, if she had considered him at all seriously.

"You'd be suburban," she concluded.

"Which would be odious," he suggested.

"Eminently," she snapped.

"So that outside my fortune I have no saving graces."

"None at all," she answered with frank brutality, there were many things to balance up. "You're just *gauche*; with your money, and not too much intimacy, you're passable, just."

Her husband took a step to her and his mouth was wicked.

"My God!" he breathed. "And I thought all the time that you——"

"You must be extremely conceited," she said. "And please don't be histrionic."

But his anger had him in its vice; all his former tenderness seemed to be turned to fury.

"So it was my money all the time," he cried; "so that if I lost that to-morrow——"

"And please," she interrupted, "don't talk of anything so monstrous."

"—If I did lose it," he persisted.

"It would be just *hell*," she jerked. "Just that."

"By the Lord," he shouted—he was vulgar enough to do that. "By the Lord, then, I wish I had lost it. I wish I could lose it. You—you have wounded me to the soul. You've changed *my* life into hell, as it is. I hate you! I hate you! I loved you just now, loved you and trusted you, but now I hate you! How you've hurt me. By God—if I could only hurt you in return." His large, handsome, elemental face was red and gorged with his passion. "If I *could* make your life a hell—too."

But Eunice had recovered her equanimity; the touch of what she considered melodramatic theatricality had brought that about.

"There, there, my dear man," she sneered, in a voice frigid with even balance. "Don't rave, and don't talk nonsense. I'm your wife, and you can't hurt me—unless you hurt yourself. You talk a good deal without thinking; you sentimental people generally do. I don't think you will lose your money."

"No," said Oliver; he had become, with an effort, as cool as herself.

"No, I don't think you will," she sneered, "for it will hit you just as hard as it will hit me. And that, of course, you'd find quite as uncomfortable as it would make me." The logic of this exhilarated her. "And even I know a sentimental person would not indulge a fancy to that extent." She stopped, her triumph, evident and insolent, upon her face.

"Oh, you think not?" said Oliver. He looked at her for a long instant, a steady, level look, and one that commingled a certain curiosity with evident aversion; as though he had seen her revealed suddenly as she actually was, and found the vision arresting. He went to his desk again. "Oh, very well," he ended, and his voice had become imperturbable, and his attention seemed to have gone out to the papers he fingered. "Oh! very well, and—I believe you are due at the Branksteds about eleven—it's ten to now——"

Eunice went from his presence not quite so satisfied with events as she reasoned she should be. But that mattered little in the knowledge of the fact that the interview had been satisfactory. There were no more scenes of the Captain Merthyon stamp; though there were more Captain Merthyons (the species is easily collectable, for it is not unique), and there was no further display of domestic affection.

Her husband and herself went along the path of life as an extremely well-bred couple should. They saw very little of each other, and when they did, there was that atmosphere of placid, semi-estrangement about the function which aspiring co-respondents find so charming. They met frequently in the houses of intimates, at dances and little luncheons, and their deportment upon these occasions was admirably polished and friendly; but mainly they diplomatically went elsewhere, for the convenience of each other.

This suited Eunice to a degree. She was of the type of woman who flourishes best with just that suggestion of marital encumbrance about her that will prevent a flirtation going too far; she was of those who find a wealthy husband a useful reminder that elopement with a nice man might be an indecorum, not to say an extravagance. So she went her way enjoying life to the full, drinking all of its cup—and leaving the dregs untouched, as a sensible woman does—and behaving generally as the world expects a woman who has mounted to affluence from poverty, through carefully thought-out matrimony, should.

Upon Oliver, her husband, she did not waste many thoughts; he was enjoying himself in his own way, she judged. After all he was a man. He seemed, so her mind conveyed to her, to spend a great deal of really important time in business transactions—well, if he liked that sort of thing, let him. She had been curious, a little, to know how this sudden cessation of domestic inharmonies had left him, how he relished the estrangement so many social duties enjoined. But she never worried; for one thing, it begot wrinkles. She merely went upon her own way, and forgot him as much as her banking-book would allow.

It was only when her banking-book disallowed one day, with some urgency, that her thoughts were recalled to him with abruptness. A cheque for a hundred odd pounds paid as a bridge debt (she indulged a great deal) was sent back to her, with the fateful little sentence, "Account overdrawn," written upon it.

It was, as she contemplated, the crumpled pink thing over her breakfast-tray in bed that a number of hitherto insignificant happenings obtruded their melancholy heads into the pageant of her thoughts.

The first reflection that occurred to her was one touching upon her husband's condition. What had come to him, she wondered, for this was an unusual occurrence; and then, almost on the heels of that thought, came a memory, the memory of a drawling

(Continued on page 294)

Preparing for Grand Opera

Photograph] MISS VIOLA TREE [*Lallie Charles*

Elder daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Tree, who possesses, in addition to a very beautiful and powerful soprano voice, considerable dramatic talent. She is now studying music preparatory to a career in Grand Opera. The above photograph was taken when she was appearing as Eurydice in Gluck's "Orpheus" at the Savoy Theatre

D.F.

(Continued from page 292)

voice overheard, casually, at a crowded rout. The voice was descanting upon her husband, and she had heard it remark, "Somethin' up with ol' Watson . . . fireworks from one end of Capel Court to t'other . . . an' every broker feelin' particularly weak at the knees. . . ." She had heard no more even of that disjointed conversation, and what she had heard she entered to her — their — own credit. Oliver was manipulating another "little deal," and his rivals were feeling the strain of it. That was how she had dismissed it then; but now——

She pushed back her heavy hair from her forehead with a gesture of annoyance; this insidious trend of startling thought was really dreadful.

But she could not check it; so many things came to her. The flood-gates of an indifference had been opened, and facts that actually needed attention came rushing in upon her. She recollected half a hundred significant particulars.

Lady Eckoid had endeavoured to pump her some weeks ago about a company that both Lord Eckoid and *her* husband had interest in. And a man had asked her if "Murray River Industrials" were "good things." Oliver was chairman of the Murray River Exploitation Company. Even a Dean's wife had sought her out, and practically entreated her to state the fact that Oliver Watson was solvent and not at all a reckless man. Dean's wives are like this. Eunice had given her the assurance just as she had given assurance to the other two inquiring minds, with amusement and a little interior scorn and cynicism. She had entered those people into the category of "sponging tip-hunters"—but now she wasn't so certain. Had they any other reasons?

Other apparent irrelevancies added themselves to the accumulation of curiously definite fact. People had begun to act strangely. They had ceased to be cordial when they asked her to stay in the country, and lately, she noticed now, they had not asked her at all. It had not occurred to her at the time—she had many distractions—but now it struck her like a blow—there was not one place she was due to go to when the present season ended. As the wife of a millionaire, she considered this state of hospitality repulsively abnormal.

And then in the matter of cards. She had a great relish for cards, her affections were set in that direction; also, she had a distinct reputation at the bridge table, yet—yet she remembered so acutely now, on quite a number of occasions lately she had been overlooked—was it with forethought?—in the manufacturing of "sets." Oh, yes, she remembered a certain amount of disinclination depicted on various faces when, by force of circumstances or upon her own initiative, she had made a fourth. She put her manicured fingers to her temples. Why did all thoughts travel in one groove? It was stupid and fantastical of her. She must be sensible, and shake it off. She did shake her head at the thought, and her splendid hair swung about her freely. But it did not give her comfort; these beastly little reflections were as tenacious as burrs. She called the maid to take the breakfast-tray away.

And it was the comport of the maid that impressed her more than any memory had done, and when she saw that she became actually—afraid.

There was a subtle arrogance and contempt in the behaviour of her maid. An air that might have been condescension and coolness, if she had only been born in the right postal address; it was verging upon an active rudeness, and Eunice found it eminently distasteful—she distinctly recalled observing less obtrusive indications of the same manner before in the bearing of the footman, the butler, the housekeeper, and, yes, most decidedly, in that of the chauffeur.

She put her hand convulsively to the bosom of her loose wrapper; under her fingers she could feel the feverish rapping of her heart against her side. She realised that she must inquire into this matter without waste of time.

She never knew quite how she got into her clothes and out of that room; and when she got downstairs she turned from that passage that led to her section of the house and went into her husband's study.

He turned from the mantelpiece when she came in, and he had an air of expectancy. In fact he said:

"I was expecting you," but she ignored the remark. She held out the dishonoured cheque with fingers which, in spite of herself, trembled a great deal.

"Oh, Oliver," she said, and she inflected her voice graciously. "This has come back. They say 'Account overdrawn.' What do they mean?"

He looked at her sneeringly, his lips curling a little as he saw through the subterfuge of graciousness.

"That it *is* overdrawn; what else——?"

"Well?" she said.

"Well?" he echoed.

She affected a little petulance.

"Do you wish me to *ask* you for money?" she demanded.

He looked at her deliberately.

"It would be of little use—I have none."

"Oliver——" she gasped.

"None at all," he reiterated.

She sat in a chair and looked at him fearfully.

"Is this a joke?" she asked. "It is in execrable taste."

"It is the truth," he answered; "but no doubt it will remain in execrable taste. I have no money."

She looked at him, striving to pierce through any subterfuge that might be his.

"But Oliver——?"

"I have no money," he repeated. "Everything has gone. Everything. It took me a great time; it is not so easy as it sounds, losing that vast sum, but I did it. And now I'm penniless; *we* are penniless. As penniless as I was in the 'Back-blocks.' I haven't even the income of the vulgar little people in the suburbs."

She grasped the whole horrible truth suddenly. "My God," she gasped, sinking back. "You mean you've——. It's—it's——"

"Hellish is the word, is it not?" helped her husband.

Eunice lay back pale and frightened. Then she sat up and looked piercingly at her husband. She drew her under-lip between her teeth, and a ghost of a smile crossed her face.

"You have thrown away a fortune," she said. "But you will build up another, and a bigger. You can't help it. Do you hear?"

She rose and almost shouted. "Do you hear? You can't help it."

Scowlingly the man flung out of the room, banging the door behind him.

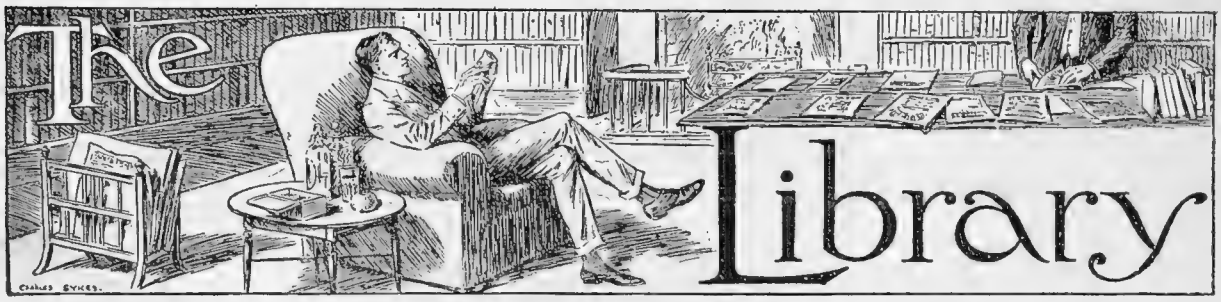
"Damn the woman, damn the woman," he snarled. "And she's right, damn her, she's right."

W. Douglas Newton.

A South-Coast City of Trees

Eastbourne belongs to the highest type of watering-place, and attracts, both as residents and visitors, the best social classes. Prodigious use is made of trees in the decoration of the thoroughfares, causing Eastbourne to be known as the "City of Trees." The L.B. and S.C. Ry. pays particular attention to its service of this attractive resort

SKETCHED BY R. G. MATHEWS



"George Meek, Bath Chair-Man"

The autobiography of this Bath chair-man, with introduction by H. G. Wells (Constable and Co. : 6*s*.), might be the life of many a rolling stone with a taste for self-education. It is a record of the passage of a man from infancy, through school, through an errand-boy stage, and through many callings, till he reaches the dignified position of a Bath chair-man at Eastbourne, from which, thanks to his regular study of the *Clarion* and similar Socialist journals—plus patting on the back by Socialist leaders and the advent of a rich uncle from America—he becomes affluent and has worked out his own salvation! The only important part of the book is the introduction by Mr. H. G. Wells, who seems to find in Meek a text from which to preach a really pretty little sermon on the social evils of to-day. The writing is simply that of an ordinary man possessed of a fair knowledge of English, and has nothing great, or even clever, about it. I cannot myself see the beauty of a work which has received an undue meed of notice—simply because it is the output of a Bath chair-man.

Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's Latest

A Fair Martyr (Everett and Co. : 6*s*.) is yet another romance from the prolific pen of J. Bloundelle-Burton. The time selected is that succeeding the great plague of Marseilles, and the story concerns one Gabrielle, brought up in a home for foundlings. Both her parents succumbed to the dread disease when she was a child, and she had been left on the steps of the Home by her nurse, who had substituted her own child for her, in order that she might enjoy the former's fortune. The plot is perhaps a trifle thin, but the story is a pretty one, and there is none of that clash of arms and shedding of blood which usually form such a prominent part of a historical romance. The author has erred in making Gabrielle quite such a haughty and unattainable character; she would have been infinitely nicer if she had been a little more human; but, on the other hand, Mr. Bloundelle-Burton pleases our artistic sense by the manner in which he allows his heroine indirectly to come into so much of her own. It would have quite spoiled the book if she had gone to her innocent substitute and coldly demanded her birthright.

"The Colonel's Past"

One looks for something good from Miss Florence Warden, the authoress of *The House on the Marsh*, and in *The Colonel's Past* (Ward, Lock : 6*s*.) the reader will not be disappointed. It is a story teeming with interest from first to last, and does not contain a single dull page. For the lover of mystery the best advice which can be given concerning this work is, "Gum the last twenty pages together before you commence!" Miss Florence Warden's style is so well known that it would almost be impertinence to refer to it, but I venture to think that all readers will agree that this book is quite the most graceful which she has yet given to us. It is the story of two blackmailers and of a Colonel and his family. The living history of an officer who once made a mistake, and many years afterwards nearly paid for it with his life on the gallows. It is also the tale of several strange characters, most of whom we meet frequently, and the others we read about in the "Police News" of our daily papers. And, for this is essential to a novel, there is the love element; not too strong, not overdrawn, but subordinate to the main plot. Still, it is the *soupçon* of garlic which makes the French salad—always present, but unobtrusive, when the salad is made by a master hand. To say anything more about the plot would be to reveal the secret which Miss Warden has so skilfully concealed, and would spoil the enjoyment which every genuine reader of fiction will find in this volume. The illustrations are good, and the whole work is produced in the publishers' best style, with readable print and very opaque, but extremely light, paper. A book for one hand.

Cornish Stories

The House of the Sleeping Winds, by Enys Tregarthen (Messrs. Rebman, Ltd. : 5*s*. net), is a delightful collection of stories founded on the lore of the old-world Cornish folk. There is a wholesome freshness about their telling, and everyone who still has the heart of a child will read them avidly. Miss Nannie Preston's sketches are gaily imaginative.

Floral Decoration

British Floral Decoration, by R. F. Felton (Messrs. A. and C. Black : 7*s*. 6*d*.), is a notable volume, superbly illustrated. It has been felt for some time past that, owing to the vast strides which are yearly being made in floral decoration in Great Britain, there was need for a book on so highly interesting a subject. The publishers were fortunate in securing the co-operation of Mr. R. F. Felton to write such a volume, and to select and supervise the preparation of the illustrations. As Mr. Felton's art brings him in touch with the Courts of Europe, he is able to give examples of many important and interesting floral works with which he has been professionally associated. An important feature of the book is the complete and carefully compiled lists of the best varieties of flowers to grow for cutting and decorative purposes.

OUTDOOR LIFE

SHOOTING: YACHTING: GOLF: CRICKET: RACING: MOTORING

Cliché *Vizzavona*

"CHASSE À TIR": BY LOUISE ABBEMA

This picture of a pretty French sportswoman ready for the day's shooting was exhibited at the Paris Salon des Beaux-Arts this year

SHOOTING: A Word in Season

By LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

Photograph *Leonard Willoughby*

The Opening of the "Twelfth": Keepers, accompanied by dogs, walk over the Moors prior to the Twelfth to flush birds, in order to ascertain stock and probable bag

THIS week's issue of THE BYSTANDER will reach the hands of its many readers almost on the eve of the opening day of the shooting season 1910-1911. Just at this moment most men's minds will be concentrated on getting to the moors, where they will either be entertaining their friends or taking part themselves as guests in shooting-parties. Perhaps at no period of the season is shooting more delightful, for not only are the moors just now quite charming, but the change from the murky atmosphere of cities and town to that of wide-sweeping heather-clad moorlands is inexpressibly wholesome. Then, too, it is the beginning of shooting once again, and we go back to it fresh and full of keenness after the six months' interval. I myself have taken part in shoots for well over thirty years, and I rack my brains to remember a single season which has passed without knowing or hearing of some horrible accident in the field. I allude to accidents through persons getting shot. Speaking as one who has had wide experience in the shooting-field, and knowing as I do from actually seeing the most remarkable and inconceivable angles that shot will take if the least thing intervenes in its course, I can only express my surprise that far more accidents do not take place.

Shooting Accidents

I have seen men hit through shot striking a going-away bird after it has passed the line of butts. The shot has then glanced off and come back at an angle of 45deg., striking the occupants of the next butt, and that placed over the brow of the hill, and consequently invisible to the one from which the shot was fired. I could instance hundreds of cases, and so doubtless could my readers, therefore it is not necessary to say more. There are, and always will be, risks in the field every moment that firing is going on, even when steady, careful men are alone out. But when we find, as, alas! is too often the case, inexperienced or careless men in the party, who any moment may send someone—a fellow-guest, keeper, or driver—to his last account, why, then, sheer misery takes the place of pleasure at once. There is undoubtedly a grave responsibility resting with hosts in regard to whom they invite to shoot. I am aware that it is often the fact that City or financial magnates are invited, for reasons which may be guessed. These otherwise sound, safe men in the office are too often the very reverse in the field. Again, too, there are jealous men and excitable youths. These are a source of danger in the extreme. A host is responsible for his guests' safety, so far as it is possible to make them so. He has no right to ask a dangerous man to join a party, knowing him to be such—magnate or not. Once a man is known to be unsafe he should never be asked to meet others.

The Host's Duty

A host must go even further. Unpleasant as it may be, he has a duty to perform once he sees a man endangering the lives of anyone. He must at once warn him, and if this fails, and he offends again at the next drive or beat, he must tell him to give up his gun, or else the shooting must end for the day. What is the causing—if any—of offence to an irresponsible or careless man compared to an accident? Unpleasant as relieving a guest of his gun or stopping the day's sport undoubtedly is, still if a host fail in his duty, and an accident afterwards occur, the blame rests every bit as much on him as on the culprit who fires the fatal shot. To do one's duty is sometimes hard, but a man who fearlessly and firmly carries it out will earn the thanks of his guests and servants, who will respect him the more for doing that which is so unpleasant, even though it lose him a life-long friend.

Speedy Keels at Cowes

WINNERS AT THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON'S REGATTA

The Earl of Dunraven's Ketch, "Carlad"
Winner of the King's Cup, a forty-seven mile race. Sir M. Fitzgerald's yawl, *Julnar*, was second

Mr. A. Coats's "Cintra"
Winner of the race for the new Scottish 12-metre raters. Mr. J. H. Gubbins's *Hera* was second

Mr. A. K. Stothert's "Mariska"

Winner of the race for yachts of 15-metre rating, from Mr. W. P. Burton's *Ostara*, which on the previous day had won the Royal London Club's Challenge Cup. The three yachts depicted above all won their races on Tuesday last. The weather was rather troublesome, and yachts had to sail close-reefed. The German Emperor's schooner, *Meteor*, greatly to the disappointment of all, did not start for the King's Cup

A Year's Inter-'Varsity Sport

NOTABLE 'VARSITY ATHLETES AND THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS

DISTINGUISHED by a neck-and-neck race for absolute supremacy, and made notable by the accomplishment of no fewer than three new records, the past season's Inter'-Varsity sport has been one of the most interesting ever known. No year in memory has witnessed so close a struggle, the actual result being in doubt up to the very last day—an unlucky Friday for Oxford—when Cambridge, by winning the Chancellor's Plate at Bisley and the Singles tennis match at Lord's, achieved their first success since 1904-5 in a full year's programme.

Oxford's Mishaps

Oxford's mishaps and indisposition were prominent factors in their rivals' success in the sports, for Mr. L. C. Hull, the Dark Blue president, who won both the Hundred Yards and Quarter-Mile the previous year, was unable to compete owing to a torn tendon in his left heel; Mr. G. R. L. Anderson, another 1909 victor, was prevented from taking the Hurdles, in which he has recently been achieving great triumphs, by reason of a strained thigh; and Mr. A. M. Brown was too unwell to essay the Three Miles and too short of practice over a mile to do himself justice at that distance. Though the defection of the two latter had no actual bearing upon the results, Mr. Hull's absence undoubtedly robbed Oxford of those two events, which would have meant a "tied" match rather than a defeat.

In the chess match Oxford contributed to her own undoing, three of her representatives throwing away their games by carelessness at a critical moment. The golf result was probably the biggest surprise of them all, for by all the canons of form Oxford were by far the superior side. A Cambridge success was never even dreamt of by her representatives, but they rose to the occasion in grand style, and deservedly won a magnificent match, in which the golf on both sides was the best seen since that great 1900 Oxford side made history by beating Cambridge by sixty-nine holes. The swimming Oxford lost by the unfortunate boring of Mr. Williams, perhaps the fastest man over fifty yards either University has ever possessed.

Fine Tennis

In the Singles tennis match, Mr. Gibbs, the Cambridge representative, showed quite unexpected form, and, finding Mr. Tylor not at his best, won a match wherein was shown tennis well above the average of many years past.

Oxford's turn to prove the untrustworthiness of the critics came in the polo and cricket matches, and very astonishing upheavals of form they provided. In each case the Dark Blues were mainly indebted to one man, Mr. J. Pearce, the old Rugby boy, playing a splendid game at Hurlingham and Mr. Le Couteur, the Australian Rhodes scholar, being the hero at Lord's.

Although beaten for all-round supremacy, Oxford had the satisfaction of creating two of the three records set up this past year, viz., thirty-five points to three points in the Rugby match and the double feat of getting placed in the first four horses both in the representative "Grind" and in the Challenge Cup Competition. Cambridge created a new record of 756 points in winning the Chancellor's Plate at Bisley, this score being six points higher than that of Oxford the previous year. Though not, strictly speaking, an Inter-'Varsity record, Corporal F. R. Radice's triumph in winning the King's Prize and coveted Gold Medal cannot go unrecorded in this review. Here was an absolutely unprecedented performance on four counts. No undergraduate, no member of the Territorial Force, no one of so tender an age as twenty-two had previously won the proud distinction; the score by which it was won was also a record.

D. Portway
(Felsted and Downing, Cambridge), Double Blue (Boxing and Water-Polo)

R. W. Poulton
(Rugby and Balliol, Oxford), Double Blue (Rugby Football and Hockey)

An Exceptional Feat

Moreover, Radice's feat of gaining both Gold and Silver Medals is very exceptional in the history of the competition. It was, indeed, a "Universities' Bisley," for Lieut. A. M. Humphry, a Cambridge undergraduate, son of Mr. A. P. Humphry, former Queen's Prizeman, and donor of the Humphry Cup, won the St. George's Vase and Badge.

Of the other undergraduates who have left their mark on the sport of the past year may be mentioned Mr. R. O. Lagden (Oxford), the only quadruple Blue at either University (Rugby, cricket, hockey, racquets); the triple Blues, Mr. C. V. L. Hooman and Mr. A. J. Evans (Oxford) (cricket, golf, and racquets), and Mr. J. F. Ireland (Cambridge) (cricket, golf, and hockey). Both Mr. Lagden and Mr. Ireland are distinguished sons of Marlborough, where great success was predicted for each of them. Mr. Hooman learnt his cricket and racquets at Charterhouse, which he represented at both, whilst Mr. Evans is but another of Winchester's notable productions. He is a fine example of the hereditary theory, for he is the son of the famous "A. H. Evans," whose express deliveries in the 'eighties caused so much question, and brother of "W. H. B.," the Malvern, Oxford, Worcestershire, and Hampshire cricketer.

Double Blues

Double Blues were fairly numerous at each University. At Oxford there were Messrs. F. G. Buchanan (Rugby and athletics), R. Honey (Rugby and water-polo), R. Sale, R. L. L. Braddell, and F. N. Tuff (cricket and Association), A. Tylor (tennis and racquets), V. O'C. Miley (Association and lawn tennis), R. W. Poulton (Rugby and hockey), R. E. and A. G. Knight and E. G. Taylor (athletics and cross-country), W. R. Reynell (lawn tennis and boxing), C. P. Leese (hockey and golf), N. Field (rowing and athletics); and at Cambridge, Messrs. H. G. Bache (Association and lawn tennis), N. J. Holloway (cricket and lacrosse), B. H. Holloway (Rugby and lacrosse), C. Pinkham (Association and lacrosse), F. C. Pyman (Rugby and lacrosse), J. V. Fiddian (Rugby and swimming), D. Portway (boxing and swimming), W. Gavin (sports and cross-country), A. C. B. Bellerby (sports and hockey).

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Amateur Definition

According to rumour the amateur definition in golf is to be taken in hand once more. Most of my readers are aware that the amateur definition governing golfers was framed at the time of the first Amateur Championship in 1886. It runs as follows: "An amateur golfer is a golfer who has never made for sale golf clubs, balls, or any other article connected with the game; who has never carried clubs for hire after attaining the age of fifteen years, and who has not carried clubs for hire at any time within six years of the date on which the competition begins; who has never received any consideration for playing in a match, or for giving lessons in the game; and who, for a period of five years prior to September 1, 1886, has never received a money prize in any open competition." The American definition is shorter and much more drastic than ours: "No person shall be considered an amateur golfer, or shall be eligible to compete in the Amateur Championships of this Association" (*i.e.*, the United States Golf Association), "who receives a monetary consideration, either directly or indirectly, by reason of connection with, or skill displayed in, playing the game of golf or other branches of athletics." Under this definition, strictly interpreted, no golfing journalist or architect, nor any writer of books of instruction on golf, would be entitled to rank as an amateur. But I fancy the Americans do not interpret their definition so rigidly as this. No doubt the words "playing the game of golf" are liable to a wide construction. Our definition was under consideration, with a view to revision, in 1906, but no alteration was made. I take it that the intending revisers found the task too ticklish for their taste, and came to the conclusion that it was best to let sleeping dogs lie.

Photograph] Mr. G. E. Haslip [*Dixon*
Winner of the British Medical Association's annual competition for the Ulster Cup, played at Burhill on July 29. Play was over 18 holes, against bogey, and Mr. Haslip, whose handicap is 14 at Northwood, produced the excellent return of 4 up, going round in 88

A Thorny Subject

I shall be curious to see what, if anything, comes of the fresh attempt to legislate on this thorny subject. I do not think that any of us can fairly say that any abuse or injustice has arisen in the twenty-four years which have passed since the present definition was drawn up. In nearly all other sports the amateur question has given rise to trouble. Some sports, such as rowing, have a very rigid definition, which, if applied to golf, would rule out a large class who at present play as amateurs. But it may be strongly doubted whether we want such a rigid definition in golf. We certainly do not want to exclude the artisan class, who form such a strong and honourable body of players in Scotland. On the contrary, it would seem to be good policy to foster this class and increase its numbers in England. The line between an amateur and professional golfer is very clearly defined, and there has hitherto been no difficulty in deciding to which class a player rightly belongs.

A Suggestion

But, as I have said before, if a new definition is held to be necessary, would it not be easier and better to define a professional golfer, and after such definition merely say "anyone who is not a professional golfer under the foregoing definition shall be held to be an amateur golfer"? This would enable the definition to be made in a much clearer and stricter form. In connection with this topic I welcome a most generous and outspoken defence of Mr. A. Mitchell's amateur status by that admirable sportsman, Mr. J. Sutherland, in his golf "Causerie" in the *Daily News* of July 23. I subscribe most heartily to all that Mr. Sutherland says. There is no shadow of doubt that under our present definition (and I trust under any future definition) Mr. A. Mitchell is an amateur in the best sense of the word. A good deal of confused thought has occurred owing to the fact that most of his cousins are professionals. But even if all his brothers were professionals, or if he himself intended at some future date to join the professional ranks, his present amateur status is not affected. Apart from the facts of the case, it is inconceivable and unthinkable that Mr. Horace Hutchinson, who knows all about Mr. Mitchell, would have countenanced his entry for the Amateur Championship if there had been the shadow of the shade of a doubt as to the purity of his amateur status. We ought to welcome, and I trust we all do welcome, the addition to the ranks of amateurs of such admirable artisan golfers as Mr. A. Mitchell. One of the great glories of golf has been the absence of snobbishness. That this may continue to be said of golf should be the prayer of all lovers of the game.

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CRICKET, YACHTING, AND LAWN TENNIS

An American Yachting "Cinch"

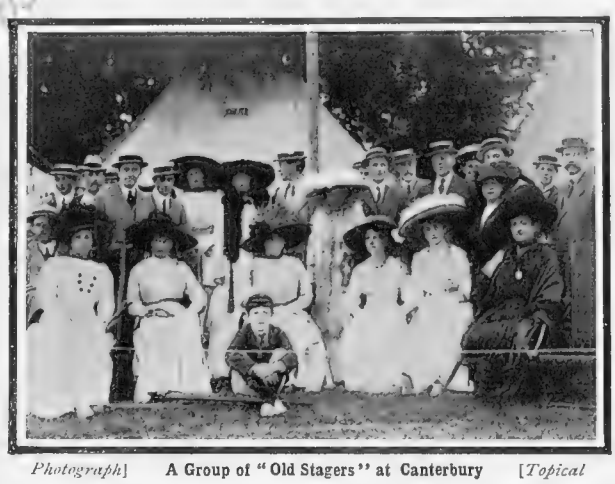
One of the most interesting things about a rather breezy Cowes last week was the triumphal progress of the American schooner, *Westward*. She made a good start by winning the 23-metre class race in the Royal London Y.C. Regatta against such celebrated scorchers as Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock*, the Kaiser's *Meteor*, and Herr Krupp von Bohlen's *Germania*, and followed this up by taking the Kaiser's Cup (in spite of a protest from *Germania*). The *Westward* is a wonderful boat. She is the property of Mr. Alexander Smith Cochrane, an American sportsman who is determined to get "right there," and was built by the famous Herreshoff, and skippered by the equally famous Captain Barr. Her rig is peculiar, but she is a thing not only of beauty, but of remarkable speed—not to mention endurance, for she has sailed across the "herring-pond" to achieve her victories, a handicap which we have always claimed as an excuse for not "lifting the Cup."

Photo "Jack" Mason *Sport & General*

Late captain of the Kent team, who made his *début* for the county this year at Canterbury last week, scoring a very useful 56 against Middlesex, and taking 4 wickets for 38

The Canterbury Week

When the most sporting of counties is also the champion, it is no wonder that its gala week at Canterbury, in the midst of enthusiastic supporters, should be particularly popular. And yet another added interest this year was the fact that Kent's first opponents were Middlesex, their runners-up—so far, at any rate—in the Championship race. The result was a sweeping triumph for the home county, in which the lion's share in the matter of runs went, by one of those turns of fortune in which the Deity of cricket especially delights, to a man who was very nearly left out of the team altogether. For, if Fielder had been well enough, it is stated that Seymour, who contributed 193 to the only innings Kent had to play, would have had to content himself with the moderately honourable and extremely honorary position of twelfth man.



Photograph] **A Group of "Old Stagers" at Canterbury** [*Topical*

The Old Stagers are as much a feature of Canterbury Week as the Kent cricket team, and the Theatre Royal by night rivals the St. Lawrence ground by day for thoroughly sporting entertainment. Our group shows a number of the "stars," including Lady Susan Fitzclarence, Miss Lena Halliday, Mrs. Charles Crutchley, Miss Sylvia Campbell, Miss Winifred Rae, Mrs. Fraser, Mr. Harold Whitaker, Mr. Leveson Lane, Mr. Hugh Brodie, Mr. Arthur Ellis, Mr. Harold Wacher, and Master Eric Rae

The Return of the Skipper

But it is the rally-round of the amateurs which is the most characteristic point about Kent in its great week. However busy they may be during the rest of the year, the Kentish "gentlemen" will move heaven and earth to turn out for their county on this one red-letter occasion. If they are asked, that is—for places in the Kent team are not exactly going begging. For "Jack" Mason, late captain, and still the most gallant figure in Kent cricket, this was a *début* as regards county cricket this year. And a remarkably successful one it was, with fifty-six runs off the Middlesex bowling and four wickets for thirty-eight as the record of the match. Meanwhile, another Wykehamist and a contemporary of Mason's, Paul Rubens, was contributing to the more intellectual side of a sporting week, as conducted by the Old Stagers, with one of his well-known problem plays, entitled *Lovely Woman*.

England and the Davis Cup

It is satisfactory to learn that the L.T.A. management have definitely decided to have England represented, at any rate, in the Davis Cup Competition. As for our chances of doing any good in it, that is quite another pair of shoes. With all due deference to Parke, Mavrogordato, Arthur Lowe, and Dixon—from whom our men are to be selected—we cannot attempt to pretend to ourselves that any three of them are the best English team. Still, if we can't have the Dohertys or Ritchie or Gore, we do not agree with what W. V. Eaves said at the Championship dinner—that if we cannot get the best team we should not send at all. At least, our men will have a good trip and some first-class matches, and they may perhaps pick up some useful sidelights on the game—for we have come to the point at which we dare not disdain to learn from America or the Colonies. The Australians are tremendously keen on the English team doing a tour afterwards, and if that should come off, the visitors are certain, at any rate, of an enthusiastic welcome in the true, open-handed Colonial style of hospitality.

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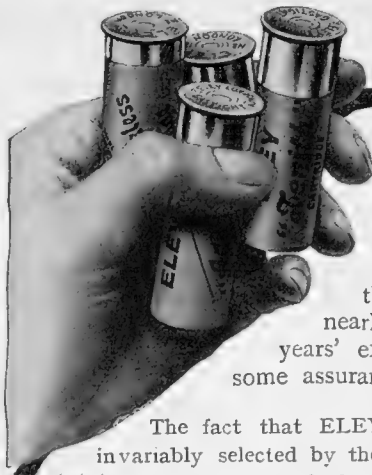

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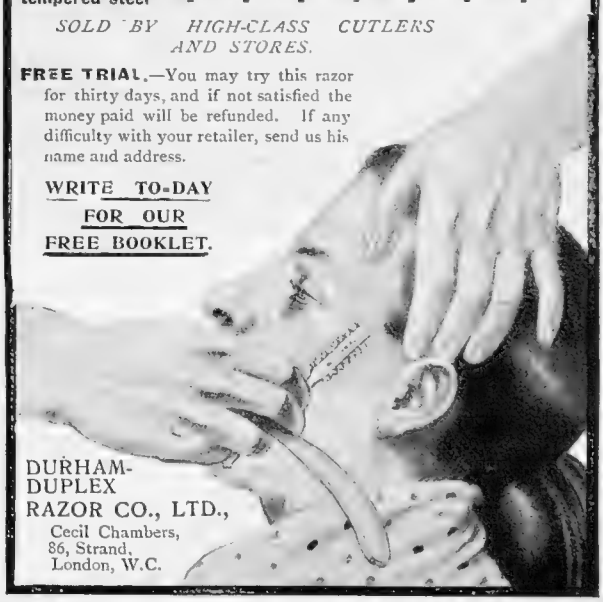

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RACING: Current Topics. By CARBINE

The King's Horses

Edmund Walker, the stud-groom at Sandringham, tells me that the Royal yearlings have now been sent from their breezy Norfolk home to the training stables at Newmarket. Richard Marsh has found them to be a promising lot, well-grown and good-looking, but, of course, it is too early to say whether there is a Persimmon among them. Unfortunately, they number only five, which is much smaller than the usual contingent of yearlings from Sandringham, and it appears that His Majesty's string is being strengthened from outside sources. For example, among King George's entries for the Derby and Oaks of 1912 are a couple of yearlings bred by the Countess of Warwick. The youngsters now at Egerton House will be the first two-year-olds to carry His Majesty's colours, and his loyal lieges will fervently wish them good luck. The King's support of racing is bound to be of incalculable benefit to the Turf, and we can appreciate its value the more in view of the miserable plight of racing in New York State, where pharisaical legislators are seemingly doing their best to ensure the closing-down of race tracks.

St. Leger Items

This is one of the slackest times of the year on the Turf. The spirit of holiday-making is over all, and there will be no really important handicap until the Great Ebor Handicap at York on the 24th inst. Still, the thoughts of the racing enthusiast, wherever he may happen to find himself in the holiday month, must inevitably turn to the St. Leger. Interest increases rapidly in the last of the classic events. In the course of a day's racing you will receive half a dozen tips for it. There is the Neil Gow man, who declares that Lord Rosebery's colt was just getting back to form in the Eclipse Stakes, and is sure to beat Lemberg this time. Then the Lemberg man, with equal confidence, will assure you that Alec Taylor has no doubt about the colt's capacity to stay the St. Leger course. You will hear the opinion frequently expressed that Swynford will beat both the favourites—and that is my own view, as readers of these notes will know.

The Winner of the Brighton Cup: Lord Rosebery's Avernus (Plant Up)

Lord Rosebery was not present to see his horse win, but Lord Dalmeny, who has just been presented with a son and heir, received many congratulations on the dual event

The Camera in the Paddock

Those who like to enjoy their racing without the hustle and the turmoil inseparable from the big meetings will find the gathering at Kempton Park this week exceedingly pleasant. The snapshotters will not have a very busy time here, partly because the social side of this particular Kempton Park meeting is unimportant, and partly because the facilities hitherto accorded to photographers in the paddock have been considerably endangered by the indiscreet conduct of one or two irresponsible camera men. It appears that a leading member of the Jockey Club was the subject of the persistent attentions of an injudicious photographer at Ascot. The man flagrantly disregarded the polite protest by the noble lord, and the result was that the Jockey Club soon afterwards discussed the subject of restricting the snapshotters to pictures of the horses and the actual racing at the meetings under their control. Working with sense and discretion a good photographer may give to the public a useful and interesting record of the social side of racing, and it is a pity that the privileges which the camera has hitherto enjoyed at the majority of meetings should be placed in jeopardy by the stupidity of a casual ill-bred operator.

Selections

On Wednesday at Kempton the International Two-Year-Old Plate should be an interesting race, especially if one or two of the penalised youngsters are asked to show how much they really are worth. I question, however, whether any of the top-weights will be smart enough for **Mary Carmichael**, who gets all the allowances, and should win if she is anything like so good as her gallops at home make her out to be. The Manton stable seems to have an excellent chance of taking the Greenwood Handicap on the same afternoon with **Moscato** or **Atropia**. One of the finest sprinters in training is **Sunder**, and it will be asking him to travel rather beyond his distance if he is brought out for the St. James's Stakes on Thursday, but he has such a great advantage in the weights that it may be well to risk his staying the course. Best of the others in this race is probably Willonyx. I suggest **Anchora** as a likely winner of the August Handicap at Windsor on Saturday.

"A Turf Topic."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of the shortage in the Army where the four-footed warrior is still an essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long, however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those who patronise the horse in his sporting aspect will do well to consult Mr. D. M. Gant's new booklet. Mr. Gant is the well-known commission agent of 25, Conduit Street, W., and the pioneer of the "no limit" and "no commission" system. His admirably got-up booklet, "A Great Institution," gives, among other facts, a number of testimonials which go to prove that fair dealing, courtesy, and a clear, straightforward method of business have won for Mr. Gant his present successful position.

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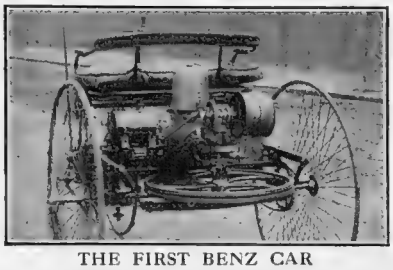

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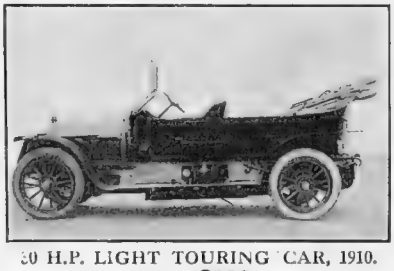

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MOTORING BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Giant Gooseberries

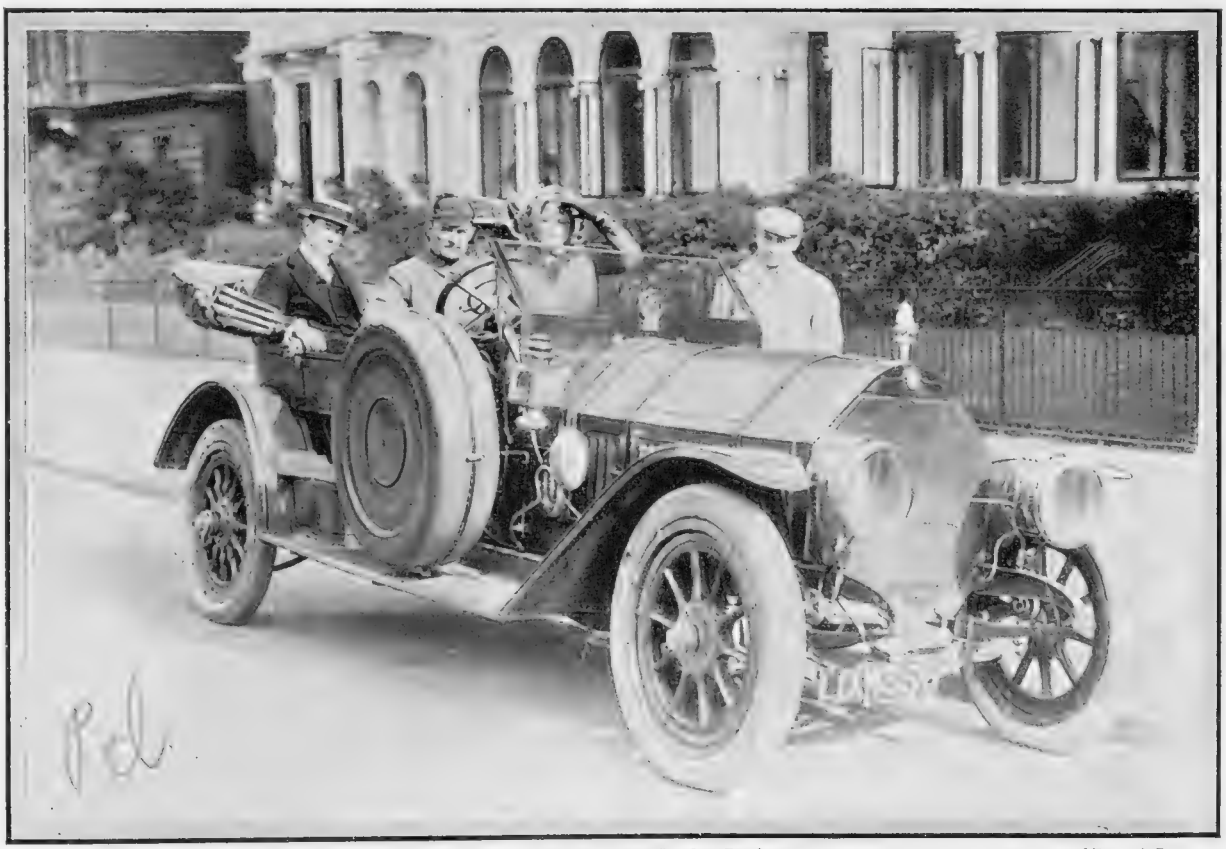
The taximetered cab-driver and his failings are again occupying the public mind, or (which is not, perhaps, quite the same thing) the columns of a portion of the public Press. As we never hear of his virtues I presume he has none—although, surely, there is some virtue in being a fairly up-to-date presentation of a giant-gooseberry-cum-sea-serpent stop-gap, ready to fill the columns' aching void whenever jaded journalism happens to run short of other "copy." He has been functioning in this honourable capacity for some few years now, has our taxi man, but it still seems fashionable to regard him as a "high and mighty" person, full of the disdain of his elevation for the harmless necessary "fare," in addition, of course, to being a minor Crœsus, an undiluted pirate with a Captain Kidd code of morals, the tongue of a Thames bargee, the heart of a Jew pawnbroker, and the recklessness of Jehu, son of Nimshi. He smokes—the scoundrel! He "murders" his engine. He robs his passengers and his employers. He drives rough-shod (metaphor only—no reflection upon any make of tyre) over all traffic regulations, recognising but two categories of pedestrians—the quick and the dead. And so on. A very perfect ruffian, it will be observed.

In Defence of "Cabby"

With every man's hand against him, it seems a quixotic thing to step forward in his championship. But let us give him his due. He is not a stained-glass angel; but, then, neither is his normal "fare." He lounges sometimes, and sometimes irritates, but we would not cast back to the "hansom" stage purposely. His charges are fixed, and whether, as a technical contemporary alleges, he annexes the "extras," is a matter of less concern to the passenger, who must pay in any case, than to the cab company whose system is at fault. As to the further allegation that the driver may to-day easily earn £4 per week honestly, that, I fancy, if it means an average £4, is becoming more beautifully moonshine with the advent of every additional cab on the streets. Certainly he has his faults (most of us have a few), but he is, on the whole, a good fellow, a clever driver of a sort, often an enthusiastic mechanician, and an amazing traffic threader. He travels at dangerous speed to the old lady on the side walk, but to the passenger who wants to catch a train he is not too quick. If he went slower he would be a loafer with an eye on the taximeter to most of his patrons. If he goes too quickly, he is up against the despotic power of the police, from which there is no appeal. He seems like to be crushed between these nether millstones. For these causes, among others, I appear for the defendant.

Fatuity

It has been a part of what I am pleased to call my lot, to visit a large number of provincial motor shops during the past month, and in nearly every instance my eye has been assailed by a notice issued by a certain motoring organisation and consisting of a number of "rules and courtesies" which



Photograph] **The Largest Motor on the London Roads?** [*Record Press*

An enormous car, said to be the largest ever built, is now being used in London. It has 90 h.-p., six cylinders, and is American. The "Happy Tramp," a famous music-hall performer, who is at present entertaining London audiences, is at the wheel

it is suggested should be observed by motorists on the road. As a notice *per se* there is nothing to call for remark, but as advice it is wholly gratuitous and objectionable. Possibly there are motorists who require to be told at every garage they enter that they must drive by the left, just as there may be motorists who require it impressed upon them that to go forward at all they must not put in the reverse. It may be necessary to instruct some motorists that they should drive with consideration for other road-users, just as there may be motorists who require to know that in the best circles one does not use another's tooth-brush ! If such exist, however, they would not, I imagine, be greatly impressed by a card of instructions in a motor shop. Road hogs we have, unfortunately, but they are few, and are repudiated by the great body of motorists. A notice-board will affect them not at all.

Photograph *Campbell Grey*

Ford Cars Lined Up at Brooklands

One of the events (and surprises) of the August Meeting was a race of American Ford cars, all stock chassis of identical power, but in various stages of "tuning" and with several sorts of apologies for racing bodies. Mr. Roland Winn won at the excellent speed at 51¾ m.p.h.

The police alone will serve. To an outsider visiting the motor shop and seeing that notice, however, it would be sufficient indication that the hog and inconsiderate or ignorant driver were large enough to be a menace—so large that their own organisation was endeavouring to repress their growth. It is an excellent example of fatuity, born, I imagine, of a hunger for publicity.

Misunderstood

For some reason or other, the idea has been seized from the references I made to King Edward's death and the postponement of the Brooklands meeting which naturally followed, that I am in antagonism to motor-racing generally, and Brooklands racing in particular. I have been searching for that reason most sedulously ever since—and still search. I said the Club did well to postpone the meeting. I said that in maintaining the decision the Club was in no material sort of conflict with the wish of King George (that the recreations of the people should not be interfered with) for the reason that the people were not greatly interested in motor-racing. That is true. I gave several reasons why there was little immediate hope of any considerable alteration. Those reasons were sound then, and are sound to-day. But that is not to say that the conditions are not capable of change. (So far as my observation went, the gate at the August meeting last week was probably the best yet.) Nor is it to say that I am opposed to motor-racing. In point of fact, if it is a confession of personal faith that is required, I place motor-racing far in front of horse-racing. It is a better game—to *me*. I am sorry the man in the street is not generally of my view for the sake of the sport, and because the Brooklands Club has been at considerable pains and more expense to make the track attractive—and remunerative. But I cannot quarrel with the proletariat because they insist upon getting out of the train at Sandown Park instead of going on to Weybridge. The only thing I can do is to face the facts. It may be unusual in some forms of journalism, but it is done in others. And the principal fact is that the people are so desperately ill-advised as to differ from me upon the relative merits of horse and motor-racing ! Perhaps when they understand that "form" can be followed as unsatisfactorily (so far as results are concerned) in motor as in horse-racing, and that the philanthropic bookmaker is as easily available, the position may be revolutionised ! Meanwhile, I can only hope that public support for the sport and the Club will steadily increase, while I do what is possible to ensure that, to me, most desirable result.

Miscellanea

The Michelin Tyre Company is evidently going to house Bibendum in a truly palatial dwelling in the Fulham Road. The site—an island site, by the way—has an area of more than 22,000 square feet, and possesses four frontages. It seems impossible to have chosen a more advantageous situation—plenty of air, light, and space, three indispensable adjuncts of a modern business house. Fulham Road, on which the principal frontage lies, is one of the greatest exits of London, and is easily accessible to all motorists. Doubtless hundreds have already noticed Bibendum himself standing by the notice-board announcing the fact of the new site. The building operations are already in an advanced state, and the Michelin Tyre Company hopes to enter towards the end of the year.

HOBSON-POGNON PLUGS. Their longevity is phenomenal. A user writes:—"These plugs are fitted to a car which has now run about 25,000 miles." Fit them to your car.—H. M. HOBSON, Limited, 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

"Will a 105 m/m Cover fit a 90 m/m Rim?"

There is no commercial misdemeanour worthier of severe reproach than that of keeping from an interested public the knowledge, and the means of making practical application, of a real improvement.

It is quite a while since the "tom-tom of advertising" announced that a 100 m/m cover can be fitted to a 90 m/m rim. And it is some considerable time, too, since a client first asked us: "Can your 105 tyre be fitted to your 90 rim?"

Our reticence has not laid us open to a charge of concealment of knowledge, for, had we replied with an unconditional "Yes," we would have launched our client upon the troubled waters of an experiment. We preferred to wait awhile and investigate—with the result that we gained a bit of practical experience which led us to modify slightly the beads of our 105 cover, and which has enabled us to say: "Yes; our present 105 m/m covers can easily be fitted to our 90 m/m rims."

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As regards the inner tube, either a 90 or a 105, of corresponding diameter, can be used. It is, however, preferable to use a 90 tube; for when a 105 cover is fitted to a 90 rim, the space inside the cover is rather less than normal. Consequently, a 90 tube, which would be distended on a 105 rim, fits quite comfortably in a 105 cover on a 90 rim. On the other hand, a 105 m/m tube would be compressed and rendered liable to crease, and would demand special care in fitting, to avoid nips.

Another point:

"The Bolt follows the Rim."

That is to say: if you fit a 105 m/m cover to a 90 m/m rim, *you keep your 90 m/m security bolts.*

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Some of our clients, who are extremely anxious to use 105 m/m tyres, hesitate over replacing their 90 m/m rims by 105 rims upon the same wheels.

It is not, however, necessary to wait until the change can be made; for, as we have already said, you can fit 105 m/m covers to your 90 m/m rims.

Of course, have the rims changed, by all means, when you have time—but in the meantime remember that 105 tyre, when fitted to our 90 rim, will give more satisfaction than any 100 m/m tyre. There *is* an appreciable difference between 90 and 105 m/m covers.

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By MRS. JACK MAY

BEFORE definitely leaving Town, the women who have a series of visits in the North in contemplation have to take into serious consideration the details of their outfits for that particular social exigency. Of a truth, it is no sinecure to be a woman of social proclivities to-day, so much is exacted in the way of suitable attire. And it is even more essential to attain the irreproachable note of finish and perfection with these strictly utilitarian garments than with those of more *habillée* character.

The Improved Norfolk Coat

It seems a century since we had the old-time box-pleated Norfolk. The change, however, has come about by degrees, and probably to those not desperately interested almost imperceptibly. But to hear an enthusiast extol each minute detail of an elaborately thought-out model is an education. Meanwhile, pleats are conspicuous by their absence, and bands a diversified item, arranged to pass over or under the fronts, or sometimes to cease altogether at the under-arm seams, in which case they are usually permanently attached. Every freedom is afforded the arm by various ingenious slopings and setting in of the sleeves, and yet, withal, is a shapeliness achieved that was entirely lacking from the original Norfolk.

For our pictured example, choice has fallen upon one of the latest, and, to our thinking, one of the happiest, models. The reality is replete with clever cut, only, perhaps, appreciable to the expert eye, the general public accepting the fact of perfection without question or understanding.

For headgear, the soft, stitched hat has entirely usurped the position of the cap, enlivened by some gay feather-mount. And it is in no disparagement of this hat I am fain to point out that it requires decidedly more attention and individual adjustment than did the cap, with its firm front peak and narrow graduated brim. On the other hand, the hat is lighter in weight, and once securely posed on the head has far less tendency to move.

For footgear, the gaiter-topped boot continues to gain ground steadily. It is so neat, and far more practical than the separate gaiter. Then, of course, there are heather-mixture stockings, a delightful conceit, which fall into the scheme for breakfast, prior to the boots being donned, accompanied by deeply cut patent leather pumps. All these little things matter so much to the woman who courts the closest scrutiny. And when I have added that a stock cravat is accounted the most comfortable neck fitment we will pass on to other matters.

An Improved Norfolk Coat

A workmanlike feature is provided in immense patch pockets, fashioned on an expanding principle, and consequently capable of holding, at a pinch, a quite considerable amount. Mrs. Dorothy Millar has expressed the suit in the favourite combination of velveteen for the coat and a mixture tweed for the skirt. This skirt is a gored one, and terminates a good two inches above the ankles

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

Revival of the Circular Cloak

A special charm always attaches to the circular cape, therefore it would not have been surprising to

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 349.—Vol. XXVII. Wednesday, August 10, 1910

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Telephone. *The gardens of just under 2¼ acres are highly cultivated and recently well drained.* Upper lawn and tennis lawn below.

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TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard 1943 Gerrard

By KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

"COOMBE LODGE," NEAR BRENTWOOD.

ESSEX (most conveniently situated 2 miles from Brentwood Station, from whence the City is reached in about ½ hour by express service).

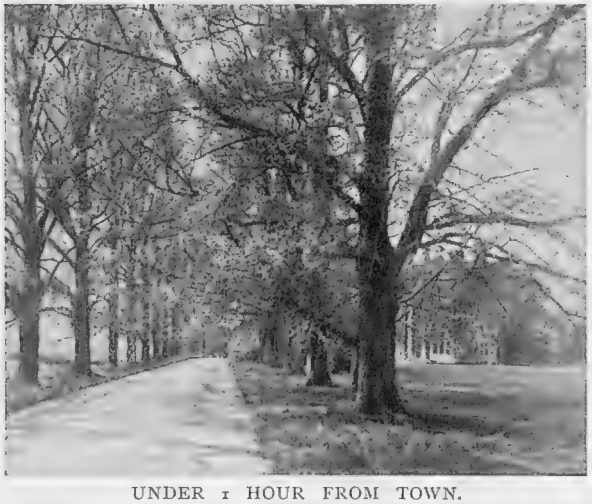
The Residence stands nearly 400ft. above sea level, in finely timbered grounds and park, through which it is approached by a long drive with lodge entrance. The Mansion contains: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 18 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; excellent stabling and cottages; home farm with farmhouse and buildings; a pair of quaint old cottages, dating from Charles I. period, and suitable for conversion into a gentleman's week-end residence; valuable frontages for development, the whole extending to about 200 ACRES. Illustrated particulars on application.—The Auctioneers' Offices, 20, Hanover Square, W.; Solicitors, Messrs. DAWES and SONS, 9 and 10, Angel Court, E.C.

500FT. ABOVE THE SEA, ON SANDY SOIL, WITH SOUTH ASPECT.

SEVENOAKS DISTRICT.—To be SOLD, the above well-built modern RESIDENCE, in perfect order, and commanding delightful views. It is approached by a long carriage drive with lodge entrance, and contains: lounge hall, 4 reception, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and ample domestic offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT. COMPANY'S WATER. RADIATORS.

Exceptionally good stabling for 6; model farmery and dairy, several cottages; the very beautiful grounds include full-sized croquet lawn, 2 tennis courts, rose garden, and completely walled kitchen garden; rough shooting. The whole Property extends to about 100 acres.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (3,471)



UNDER 1 HOUR FROM TOWN.

TO BE SOLD, the above commodious RESIDENCE, pleasantly placed in grounds of about 20 ACRES. It is approached by an AVENUE DRIVE of some 150 yards in length, and the accommodation comprises: 3 good reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and the usual offices; stabling for 4, coach-house, harness room, etc.; cottage; the grounds include 4 tennis courts, orchards, and meadow-land. Moderate price.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,752)

ABOUT 20 MILES NORTH OF LONDON.
QUITE IN THE COUNTRY.
A BEAUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF OVER 300 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD, a compact PROPERTY, with beautiful grounds, parkland, and woodlands, with a fine Residence, approached by a long drive, and containing: panelled hall and 5 reception rooms, about 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc; practically every modern convenience is installed, including

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

First-rate stabling for 10 horses, lodge, and cottages; the grounds are very beautiful, and include

FINE FLOWER GARDENS, LAWNS, LAKE, ETC.

They are divided from the park by a ha-ha fence; model farmery.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

BETWEEN HARROGATE AND YORK.

Shooting over from 1,000 to 2,000 acres adjoining could be rented.

TO BE SOLD, a RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 178 acres, including the above beautiful modern Mansion, of Elizabethan design, standing in a prettily timbered park of about 100 acres, and fitted with every convenience and comfort. Accommodation: splendid suite of 6 reception rooms, with some beautiful oak panelling, 23 light bedrooms, dressing rooms, and bathrooms; electric light installed; stabling for 8 horses; historic sixteenth-century monk's house; model farmery; first-rate hunting, fishing, and golf.—Illustrated particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

ON A SOUTHERN SLOPE OF THE ASHDOWN FOREST. HOUSE, GROUNDS, AND PARK OF ABOUT 100 ACRES, OR THE COMPACT ESTATE OF 1,200 ACRES WOULD BE SOLD AS A WHOLE.

The situation is one of the most beautiful in Sussex.

AWAY FROM THE MAIN ROADS. ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

THE HOUSE, as shown in the accompanying picture, is stone-built and of Elizabethan character, and contains: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 24 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 7 horses; terraced lawns and lovely old gardens.—Photographs and plan of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W (4,211)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

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Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON.

Probably the most attractive moderate-sized Estate in the market.

THE "ROCKHURST" ESTATE, formerly the property of the late Sir Richard Farrant, is now for SALE by Private Treaty, by order of his Trustees. It covers a most

COMPACT AREA OF ABOUT 290 ACRES,

and excels not merely in one attribute but in many, the unique combination of which commends the Estate to the notice of intending buyers. It is within easy motoring distance of London and Brighton, lies in the most charming part of the County of Sussex, occupies a delightful local position bounded by the main Brighton Road, and possesses an EXCELLENT RESIDENCE (see view above), standing 520 ft. above sea level, with a complete installation of electric light, and surrounded by beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds.

The extent of the Property is exceedingly convenient, provides an admirable Home Farm, and includes a good area of DELIGHTFUL WOODS and thriving plantations. The Estate is equipped with every necessary building, and has some of the best cottages in the county, the whole being in first-class order.

THE PROPERTY INCLUDES A UNIQUE AND REMARKABLE RANGE OF ROCKS, FORMING A NATURAL PICTURE, which would be an enviable possession in the ownership of any property. These rocks have long been the wonder and study of archæologists and afford a series of walks of a most interesting and romantic character. Early possession.—Particulars of KING and CHASEMORE, Horsham; WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

UNDER 1 Hour North of London, on a main line, and in a first-class Hunting District.—A charming little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY to be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished; handsome modern Residence, on high ground, in pretty gardens, and fitted every convenience: about 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, billiard, and usual reception rooms, and good offices; exceptionally good stabling, outbuildings, and cottages; in all upwards of 8 acres. Or the House and grounds would be sold or let separately.—Inspected and highly commended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,401)

EWELL (near Epsom; in a pretty and bracing situation in a private road, within easy reach of the Downs, 5 minutes from station).—To be SOLD, at a moderate price, or would be LET, Furnished, for 6 or 12 months, or Unfurnished, on Lease, the above picturesque red-brick RESIDENCE, in the Georgian style, erected for owner: 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), large reception rooms, ample offices; gas and water laid on; inexpensive but attractive grounds with croquet lawn, conservatory, and kitchen garden; 1½ miles from Banstead Downs and Epsom Downs Golf Links.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,403)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

HERTS (in a favourite district, adjacent to first-class golf links, near station, main L. and N.W. Ry., whence London is reached in about 45 minutes).—To be SOLD, the above unusually attractive Freehold RESIDENCE, standing about 400ft. up, on gravel soil, commanding fine views. It is well away from motor dust, and contains: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, handsome billiard room, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual domestic offices. The House is heated, lighted by gas, and water is laid on; certified drainage; unusually charming pleasure grounds of a matured and very picturesque character, with full-sized tennis lawn, etc; small orchard, kitchen garden, and greenhouse, in all about 1½ acres; excellent site for building stabling or garage; hunting with staghounds and foxhounds. Unusual educational advantages.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,498)

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15 MILES FROM TOWN,
IN A SECLUDED SITUATION,
NEAR A VILLAGE, ABOUT ½ MILE
FROM A STATION ON THE G.W.R.

TO BE SOLD, Freehold, a valuable RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, extending to nearly 37 ACRES, and comprising the above delightful old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in first-rate order: 4 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; entrance lodge, cottages, stabling, and farmery; gas and Company's water laid on; electric light if desired; old-world pleasure grounds of undulating character, forming a very delightful feature; woodland walks, shady lawns, and kitchen garden. The property would be sold in its entirety, or offers for smaller areas would be considered, or the Residence would be LET, Unfurnished, with 7 or more acres.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Photos and plan. (24,448)

PRICE GREATLY REDUCED.—
WOULD NOW BE SOLD—A BARGAIN.

"BUTTS HILL," KINGSWEAR.—A highly attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, commanding MAGNIFICENT panoramic VIEWS of the River Dart, the sea, and the adjacent precipitous, tree-clad heights, the whole extending to about 6 ACRES. Mansion of medium size (see view above), electrically lighted and well-appointed throughout; stabling and gardener's house; beautifully timbered grounds, with long frontage to seashore; boathouse. Excellent yachting, hunting, golf, fishing.—Agents, WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W., who most strongly recommend this choice Property to the immediate consideration of those desiring a unique residence in this favoured locality.

BUCKS. AN EXCELLENT CENTRE FOR HUNTING.
ABOUT 1 HOUR AND 15 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

£2,500 will purchase this capital modern RESIDENCE, standing well back from the road on gravel soil and in a healthy situation. It contains: corridor hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, attic bedrooms, and domestic offices; good cellarage; stabling for 3 horses, coach-house; lawns with space for 2 tennis courts, flower and kitchen gardens, and 2 fields.

IN ALL ABOUT 10 ACRES.

—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,474)

WARWICKSHIRE (RUGBY).—For SALE, the above well-built and comfortable RESIDENCE, replete with modern conveniences and comforts. It contains: HANDSOME BILLIARD ROOM, 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 BATHROOMS, and usual offices; stabling for 5 horses; electric light; central heating; Company's water; main drainage; gravel soil. CAPITAL HUNTING. NEAR GOLF AND POLO GROUND.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (24,492)

Telegrams: "Everything, London" Telephone: Kensington 3300 (60 lines).

HARRODS (LTD.)

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. AUCTIONEERS

SURREY (400ft. above sea level).—To be SOLD, the above charming

OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE,

in excellent repair, occupying one of the finest positions in the Home Counties: entrance hall and dining room (oak panelled), 3 other reception rooms, 15 bedrooms, 4 baths, etc; exquisite

GROUNDS AND PARK OF 36 ACRES;

stabling, motor-house, groom's rooms, cottage, farmery, glasshouses, etc.—Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (1,022)

The Residence of the late Tom Harrop Sidebottom, D.L., late M.P. for Stalybridge.

CHESHIRE (on the borders of Derbyshire).—To be SOLD, handsome Victorian RESIDENCE, occupying fine position, commanding views of and facing the highest points of the Peak. Nicely decorated and heated throughout by radiators: 9 bed and dressing, 3 reception, kitchen, and usual offices; stabling for 8, coach-house, and harness room, 2 cottages; the grounds extend in all to about 17 acres, and include fine lawns and shrubberies, well-stocked flower and kitchen gardens; house supplied with abundance of water from springs in the grounds; the River Etherow flows through the property; the estate is situated about 2 miles from the railway station and 12 miles from Manchester; golf links 1½ miles distant; grouse shooting to be obtained in neighbourhood. Price, Freehold, only £5,000, or nearest offer.—Further details of the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (7,882)

RENT, £165 P.A. ONLY, OR TO BE SOLD. DENBIGHSHIRE.—A most commodious MANSION: 12 large bed, 3 dressing rooms, each with bath, 4 spacious reception rooms, oak-panelled hall; stabling for 5; tennis lawns, fountain, productive kitchen garden, glasshouses, paddocks; hunting with 3 packs.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (9,680)

BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED HOUSE FOR SALE AS IT STANDS.

FACING PURLEY BEECHES.—PRICE, ONLY £2,600. MODERN RESIDENCE, commanding pretty views, standing in

GROUNDS OF ¾ OF AN ACRE;

specially levelled tennis lawn, kitchen and flower garden; 5 bed, 1 dressing, 3 reception, bath; gas and electric light; well fitted, nicely decorated, every modern convenience.

PRICE, FREEHOLD (Unfurnished), £1,800.—Inspected and strongly recommended by Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (10,433)

AN EXECUTOR'S BARGAIN.
ONLY WANTS SEEING.

SURREY (close to Walton Heath Golf Links).—To be SOLD, the above exceptionally well-built, attractive RESIDENCE, in a high and bracing position on the CREST OF A HILL, standing in WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS OF 2¾ ACRES: entrance hall, 3 reception, studio, 6 bedrooms, bath; stabling and motor-house; gas and water laid on.

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £2,750, or OFFER.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

1 HOUR FROM CITY.

THIS CHARMING RESIDENCE, on high ground, facing South, to LET for Winter or one year: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling 4; large gardens.

CAPITAL HUNTING.

300 acres. Shooting by arrangement.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

EXCELLENT HUNTING DISTRICT.

SHROPSHIRE.—For the Winter, an exceptionally well-furnished, picturesque QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE, situate amidst parklike surroundings. Contains: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling; pretty gardens; gravel soil.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ON CHILTERN HILLS (London 50 minutes).—Charmingly situated RESIDENCE to be LET, Furnished: 5 bed, bath, 2 reception, and sitting hall; pretty garden; near golf; station 1¼ miles.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SOUTH DEVON COAST.—Well-furnished RESIDENCE, picturesquely situated in finely timbered grounds, TO LET, FROM NOW UNTIL END OCTOBER, or shorter period: 14 bed and dressing, bath, 4 reception rooms, lounge hall; stabling 4; tennis lawn, beautiful rock garden, etc.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

PICTURESQUE HOUSE WITH 10 OR 146 ACRES. GOLF COURSE WITHIN 1 MILE.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE (near Chatteris).—To be SOLD, Freehold, a gentleman's RESIDENCE in perfect order, standing in beautifully laid-out grounds, with stud farm adjoining. Accommodation: entrance and lounge halls, 3 good-sized reception rooms, 8 bed and 2 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling, comprising 50 loose boxes, 5 stalls, 4 covered yards, motor-house, etc.; 2 cottages.—Box K 3,865, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, ON GRAVEL SOIL.

HERTS AND ESSEX BORDERS (¾ of a mile from a station, 40 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, the above picturesque RESIDENCE, approached by a carriage drive 100 yards in length, and containing: fine lounge hall, 2 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; heated by hot-water radiators; acetylene gas; stabling for 5; 2 cottages; the gardens and grounds extend to about 6 acres, and contain some fine timber, full-sized tennis lawns, flower beds and borders, and meadow-land. Hunting 6 days a week; golf; shooting can be obtained.—Box K 4,710, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

500 FT. ABOVE THE SEA, ON SANDY SOIL.

£4,300 will PURCHASE a well-built modern RESIDENCE, situated between Tunbridge Wells and Eastbourne, on the summit of a hill, commanding beautiful views. Accommodation: lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 2, and men's rooms; well-wooded grounds of over

6 ACRES,

tennis court, clumps of rhododendrons, wilderness walk, kitchen garden, and orchard.—Box K 4,717, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

12 MILES FROM LONDON (near excellent golf course).—To be SOLD, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE, occupying an entirely secluded position in matured grounds of nearly 5 ACRES. It contains: 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light; main drainage; Company's water; stabling for 2; beautiful gardens, tennis court, vinery, forcing-house, and meadow-land. Very moderate price.—Full particulars of Box K 3,938, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

35 MINUTES FROM TOWN.—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a pleasant position in grounds of about 10 acres. The accommodation comprises: billiard and 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; Company's gas and water; main drainage; stabling for 3, coach-house, harness room, and man's room. The grounds contain many varieties of ornamental timber, including oak, acacia, silver birch, arbutus, etc., rose garden, productive kitchen garden, well-stocked orchard, wilderness garden, and good meadow-land; gardener's cottage; 2 cowhouses, pigsty, etc.—Box K 4,190, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

"THE PRIORY," Hatfield Peverel, Essex (within a mile of the station).—To be LET, with immediate possession, comprising a well-placed MANSION, on gravel subsoil, at an elevation of 135ft. Contains 5 reception rooms, commodious bedrooms, and domestic offices; charming pleasure grounds, well-stocked garden, also extensive stabling and coach-house accommodation, etc.—Further particulars, apply W. BINDON BLOOD, Esq., Solicitor, Witham, and Messrs. STAFFORD and ROGERS (Ltd.), Land Agents, Bedford.

SURREY HILLS, Chaldon (2 miles Merstham station).—Attractive modern FREEHOLD RESIDENCE and 93 acres, 723 ft. above sea level; superb views: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light; hot-water radiators; telephone; excellent stabling, coach-houses, bailiff's cottage, etc.; extensive woods, poultry, and glasshouses; pleasant home farm.—J. BEDDOW, Hill Top, Chaldon, Caterham.

WINCHESTER.

TO LET, FURNISHED, FOR WINTER MONTHS, DETACHED HOUSE, standing high, near links: 8 bedrooms, 4 sitting rooms, good kitchen and offices, bathroom; electric light; telephone; near station; good garden.—Apply, LADY B., Down End, Weeke, Winchester.

PRICE, FREEHOLD, ONLY £2,500.
MANOR HOUSE AND 164 ACRES.

IRELAND (near LOUGH SWILLY, commanding very fine sea views).—To be SOLD, well-placed, compact ESTATE, amidst typically lovely Irish scenery: 6 or more bedrooms, 2 reception, kitchen, and dairy; stabling 6, 2 motor garages; extensive outbuildings.

THE LAND IS ALL IN GRASS.

Golf, hunting, and fishing.—Box H 10,238, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

HUNTING 6 DAYS A WEEK.

V. W.H., DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S, etc.—An attractive Country RESIDENCE, surrounded by parklike grounds, THREE MILES FROM G.W.R. MAIN LINE: 13 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling 10 or 12. To LET for Hunting Season.—Box H 2,321, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

HANTS (Andover).—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished, an attractive RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of 1¼ acres, with tennis lawn, flower garden, kitchen garden, etc.; 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 4 horses; cottage; gas and water laid on.—Box H, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TELEPHONE NOS: Gerrard 6852. Yeovil 43.

WILSON & GRAY

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES: "Wilsogra, London." "Wilsogra, Yeovil."

WILTS, DORSET, SOMERSET, HANTS, CORNWALL, DEVON.

WILSON & GRAY, OF LONDON AND YEOVIL, are Agents for the more important Properties now available in the above Counties. Lists will be sent gratis on receipt of requirements.

FINE MANSION IN BEAUTIFUL OLD GARDENS AND PARK.

SALISBURY.—To be LET, Furnished, for 1 to 3 years, *one of the finest places in this favourite neighbourhood:* lounge hall 5 reception rooms, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, complete offices; *electric light, heating by radiators;* stabling and garage, lodge; magnificent old gardens and park of about 60 acres; trout fishing, shooting, golf. Moderate Rent.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

A REMARKABLE BARGAIN AT NEWBURY.

£3,500 FREEHOLD (early SALE desired). Really fine HOUSE, approached by an avenue, standing nearly 400 ft. above sea level, and containing: 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, halls, 4 reception rooms, etc.; exquisite old gardens, etc., in all about 13 acres.—Illustrated particulars from the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.; and at Yeovil.

WILTS AND DORSET BORDERS.

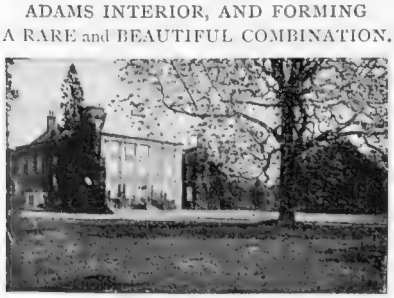
A MODERATE-PRICED FREEHOLD ESTATE of about 1,000 acres, including *a delightful old-world HOUSE, approached by ½ mile carriage drive,* and containing about a dozen bedrooms, large hall, 4 reception rooms, etc.

MESSRS. WILSON AND GRAY beg to announce that they have been appointed Sole Agents for the Estate, which shows a substantial return on the price asked. The House stands amidst lovely old gardens, right in the centre of the Estate, and commands magnificent views.—Particulars of WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W., and at Yeovil.

PRICE WITH 6 ACRES, £2,200.
PRICE WITH 8½ ACRES, £2,750.
PRICE WITH 65 ACRES, £6,250.

PRETTIEST PART OF SUSSEX.—Old, unspoilt JACOBEAN HOUSE, situate 460 ft. above sea level, commanding grand views, and containing: oak-fitted lounge hall, dining room with quaint inglenook fireplace, 2 other reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling, 2 cottages; charming gardens; farmhouse, bailiff's cottage, etc.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

INIGO JONES EXTERIOR, ADAMS INTERIOR, AND FORMING A RARE and BEAUTIFUL COMBINATION.



TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, an important Berkshire ESTATE of 145 acres, *on high ground and on gravel soil.* The Residence contains: 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, hall, etc.; stabling. *The grounds are very beautiful,* and include a lovely woodland walk of 1 mile in length, 3 pieces of ornamental water, fine old lawns, rookery, etc., etc; *private 9-hole golf course;* good hunting.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, and Yeovil.

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience,* gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

IMPORTANT SUSSEX ESTATE.

IN A PICKED POSITION.—To be SOLD, a remarkably fine RESIDENCE of very attractive character, set in the midst of lovely woodlands, parklands, and grounds of about 50 acres, and commanding a vast panorama of unsurpassed views. The House contains: lounge hall, billiard room, 5 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, and very complete offices; stabling, garage, cottages, and every possible adjunct of a property of distinction; within easy distance of a main line station, whence London can be reached in less than an hour.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE AND ABOUT 11 ACRES.

DORSET (near Blandford), in the midst of a notably beautiful country, and in an excellent social neighbourhood.—£1,600. For SALE, a charming old-fashioned COTTAGE RESIDENCE, situate in a secluded position, about 80 yards back from the road, 200 ft. above sea level. Accommodation: 6 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, etc. STABLING: 2 loose boxes, harness room, coach-house, etc. THE GARDENS AND GROUNDS are nicely timbered; flower beds and borders, kitchen garden, tennis lawn, and 2 paddocks; 2 fields of about 10 acres are at present let off on a yearly tenancy of £30 per annum. First-rate hunting with the Blackmore Vale and Lord Portman's. Near golf.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

WILTS (1¼ miles from a good station on the main G.W. Ry., 12 miles east of Bath).—*A delightful PROPERTY of 19 acres, in perfect order:* 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 15 bed and dressing rooms, hall, winter garden; stabling for 9, motor-house with pit; modern drainage; sandy soil; beautiful grounds with fine lawns, vinery, peach-house, and lake; healthful and sporting district. — *Strongly recommended by* WILSON and GRAY, Yeovil, and 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

CORNISH RIVIERA.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, UNFURNISHED, or SOLD, charming well-built MODERN RESIDENCE, commanding lovely sea views, and containing: *oak-panelled lounge hall,* dining room, drawing room, billiard room (the last 2 rooms are oak-panelled), conservatory, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); good water supply; *lighted throughout by petrol gas;* motor-house; well-laid-out grounds.—Personally inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 20, Princes Street, Yeovil, and 100, Mount Street, London, W.

300 FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. GRAND VIEWS.

A CHARMING OLD HOUSE IN PERFECT GARDENS.

MAIDENHEAD THICKET, one of the most beautiful parts of Berks. *Perfect seclusion, yet only 30 minutes from London.*

£2,500, FREEHOLD.—A singularly attractive PROPERTY, including old-fashioned Residence, standing right back from the road: 5 bedrooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, good offices; *main water, telephone;* stabling for 2; cottage; the gardens are exceedingly beautiful, tennis and other lawns, herbaceous borders, rock garden, sundial, pergolas, shrubberies, woodland, 2¼ acres. Another 2 acres can be had.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND PRINCIPAL AGENCY FOR

TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN, AND OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES of interest for SALE or for LETTING, Furnished or Unfurnished. Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

HANTS, in a favourite part, about 1 hour from London by express trains.

£4,000, FREEHOLD, or Rent, Unfurnished, £155 per annum.—A charming HOUSE, containing: 3 reception rooms, good offices, 10 bedrooms, bathroom; main water; modern drainage;

AVENUE DRIVE ¼ MILE LONG;

stabling for 3 or more; garage; beautifully timbered grounds of 3½ acres, surrounded by fine park.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

ORPINGTON, ½ an hour from London by fast trains.

BRACING POSITION, 350 FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. GRAND VIEWS.

£3,000.—FOR SALE, a beautifully placed COUNTRY PROPERTY, including picturesque modern House, fitted with all modern improvements and in perfect order: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, good offices, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; main water; gas; modern drainage; delightful grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, herbaceous borders, walled kitchen and fruit gardens; golf.—Personally inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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£125 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—Old-fashioned HOUSE, approached by drive 150 yards long, with lodge at entrance: 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms; stabling, cottage; most attractive grounds, about 8 acres in all.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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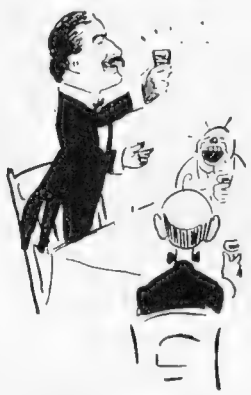

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A. M. THIEM (of the WINDSOR HOTEL, GLASGOW), *Managing Director.*

find it resuscitated under the latter-day condition of narrowness. It has not thus, however, been decreed by the pioneers responsible for the revival, who have, on the contrary, indulged in an extravagant width, the hem frequently measuring as much as six yards in circumference. The very lightest weight cloths are being requisitioned to this service, together with Shantung and corded silks, while perhaps the most strikingly original expression is found in a rubber gauze cloth. As a rain-wrap for summer wear, or Colonial use, these cloaks are ideal, and peculiarly elegant. They can, moreover, be manœuvred in various ways, the immense width allowing all manner of fantasies and liberties being taken.

At one well-known West-End establishment, Burberrys to be exact, these cloaks are even being exploited in tweeds and shepherd plaid mixtures, and have already had assured to them a successful autumn future. Needless to say, they are wraps that fall direct from the throat, where a finish is afforded by an up-and-down collar of unspottable velvet.

Americans are rather inclined to favour a narrow variety, with deep, silk-faced shawl revers. But these appeal as merely dowdy after the rich, generous flow of our fancy. For this, I take it, is an essentially English inspiration, emanating from the tailoring world.

The Couvre-Blouse

This sensible, practical, and extremely useful idea has been enormously successful. The blouse is described by Mrs. May on this page

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

between what is made in the blouse department from what is created in the more exclusive seclusion of the dressmaking. It is no part of my business to criticise this warring of mercantile elements. All the same, it gives one to smile.

That the *couvre*-blouse is an unqualified success must be pretty apparent to the dullest intelligences. A perfect wealth of variety can be worked with one fashioned, say, of black *ninon*, tastefully ornamented with *soutache* or rat-tail embroideries. Given an underslip of an all-over lace, old-world tinted for choice—which, like the man of many virtues, can just now do no wrong—and various skirts, both afternoon and evening exigencies can be met. A sapphire-blue satin *jupe* looks exceptionally well with a black *couvre*-blouse. Or it could be slipped on over any silk or satin evening gown, which would be at once transformed into a demi-toilette.

But we would tempt you with such specialised colour-schemes as a satin skirt in an old lace shade and tunic of pale-blue *ninon*. Or, again, a satin skirt and *ninon* tunic, carried through in carnation-pink, would find an artistic relief in an old-world slip of tinted lace.

To the resourceful intelligence capable of working out a series of these alternative schemes the *couvre*-blouse, plain satin skirt, and all-over lace slip offers a most seductive text.

The Adaptable Couvre-Blouse

What's in a name? Well, a vast deal, when you come to discuss with the shopping world the distinction between a Princesse gown and a "blouse"-suit, or a *couvre*-"blouse." There would almost be murder indeed if this modest little word "blouse" were omitted, since that marks the subtle distinction

Change of Address

Mrs. Berkeley, the well-known Beauty Specialist, has moved from 110, New Bond Street, to 23, Old Bond Street, which address should be carefully noted. Here Mrs. Berkeley gives advice free to ladies only. An important and growing feature of Mrs. Berkeley's business is the Export Department.

Flowers and the Weather

The present year, like the last, has been a bad one for sub-tropical bedding, many of the exotics looking very miserable and bearing few flowers. On the other hand, hardy perennials have, as a rule, flowered well, and have continued in flower for unusually long periods. This was especially noticeable in the rock-garden, where many plants flowered all spring and well into the summer. Such facts are bound to give an additional impetus to the popularity of the rock-garden; indeed, unless our climate undergoes a decided change, it would appear that we shall have to confine ourselves to Alpines if we are to have a fair chance of success. Roses have hardly been satisfactory. There have been fine flowers in point of size, but they have been lacking in colour, and very many buds have decayed without opening. Several varieties, too, notably Dorothy Perkins and, in a lesser degree, Crimson Rambler, were badly attacked by the summer form of mildew, and unless they were sprayed with a fungicide, the more virulent autumn form is likely to do serious damage among them. The spraying should, therefore, be repeated at intervals. Rhododendrons and azaleas have made good growth, but need all the sunshine they can get to ripen it. If, as sometimes happens, they are closely surrounded by annuals or other plants, some of the latter should be cleared away to let in light and air. One result of the abundant moisture has been that slugs and snails have been unusually destructive. If seedlings, especially young delphiniums, are not protected, many of them will be cut down to the ground.

White Garden Lilies

The common white garden lily is one of the most beautiful flowers in the border, but, unfortunately, it is subject to a fungoid disease which often renders it difficult to cultivate. The leaves turn brown, and in bad cases the stems wither before the flowers can open. No cure has yet been discovered. All that can be done is to dig up and burn the diseased bulbs to prevent their infecting the others. If, however, they are only slightly affected, they may be sprinkled with lime and powdered charcoal, and tried again in fresh ground. These lilies have a very short resting period, only a few weeks about the present time, after which they begin to form new roots and to throw up their leaves. So any bulbs that are to be moved should be transplanted at once. The best position for them is a bed of dwarf rhododendrons, because there they are almost sure to find some peat, while the slight shade just suits them, helping to keep the ground moist and cool in summer. They will, however, grow perfectly in ordinary soil in the mixed border, for there, too, the plants around them will shade the ground. Even under deciduous trees they do fairly well, if the foliage over them is not very dense. H. C. Davidson.

The Menu: VEGETARIAN DISHES SUITABLE FOR HOT WEATHER

Peas Stewed with Lettuces and Ham

Shell a peck of young green peas and put them into a bowl of cold water and 2oz. of butter. Work them well with the fingers to make the peas stick together, and then drain them in a colander. Put them then in a stewpan with the hearts of two cabbage lettuces finely shred, a large onion cut into thin slices, a handful of parsley, and ½lb. of ham cut into small pieces; cover the saucepan closely, and let the peas stew till they are tender; shake the saucepan now and again to prevent the peas sticking. When they are done, take out the ham and onion, put in 2oz. of butter mixed smoothly with a dessertspoonful of flour and a tablespoonful of cream. Simmer gently for four minutes, and serve as hot as possible with fried sippets round and slices of broiled ham on the top.

Ladies' Cabbage

Boil a firm white cabbage for fifteen minutes, changing the water from the boiling kettle; when tender, drain and set aside till cold. Then chop fine, and add two beaten eggs, 1oz. of butter, pepper, salt, and three tablespoonfuls of cream. Stir all well together, and bake in a buttered pie-dish till brown.

Cauliflower au Parmesan

Choose four very small white cauliflowers, cut off the stalks and stems, making them flat, so that they will stand nicely in the dish. Cleanse thoroughly, and boil till tender, but not sufficiently so to run any risk of breaking. Arrange them so as to make them look like one large cauliflower, and powder them thickly with grated Parmesan. Make a sauce with 1oz. of butter, a little salt, half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, the yolks of two eggs beaten to a cream, and two tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan. Mix well together, and stir over the fire; then pour over and around the cauliflower.

Stuffed Cucumbers à la Roma (an Italian Recipe)

Take some fresh cucumbers, hollow them out partly by taking out the middle—where the seeds are. Make a mince of chicken or veal, mixed with a little forcemeat, chopped tomatoes, and butter (it should be a soft mince), fill up the cucumbers with this and cork up the ends with pellets of bread or dough. Stew them gently in a brown gravy, to which add the insides of the cucumbers; the pellets of bread must be taken out before serving. Dish them up on long fingers of fried bread with the sauce poured over them. The sauce should be thickened.

Omelet of French Beans

Cut up finely two tablespoonfuls of French beans, stir into them four well-beaten eggs, then add two tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan, with a little pepper and salt to taste. When perfectly mixed, put the whole, with 2oz. of melted butter, into the omelet pan and fry a pale brown. The time varies from three to five minutes.

Tomato Fritters

Bake some tomatoes till nearly cooked, add some Parmesan cheese and a *little* very finely chopped shallot. Add as much cream and the white of one egg as will make the preparation of the consistency of batter; drop this batter into a frying-pan of boiling butter, and when the fritters rise, take them out and send them to table, just dusting them over with grated Parmesan cheese. Emilia.

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"Black & White" BRAND

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THE PERFECT COFFEE-MAKER.

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Best Vulcanite Mouthpieces, scientifically constructed to minimise the pressure upon the teeth.

This unique design, made in all the favourite patterns, ensures a thoroughly cool and comfortable smoke.

The general excellence of this pipe will delight even the most discriminating smoker.

OLD ENGLISH SILKS AND PRINTED COTTONS

ENGLISH WEAVERS, 1635. From an old Print.

Mr. Phillips has a beautiful collection of private copies of old English curtain and covering fabrics of the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries, reproduced from fine originals in his possession and in the national museums. They are quite distinct from the present-day furnishing fabrics, and have all the delicacy of old stuffs, from which they can only be distinguished by the absence of wear. The prices range from 1s. per yard.

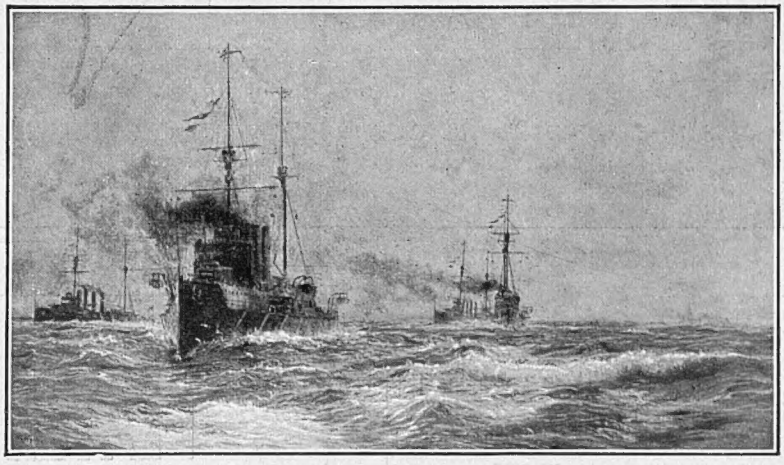
Patterns will be forwarded on application.

F. W. PHILLIPS, The Manor House, HITCHIN.

The Editor's Box

A Notable Picture

Mr. W. L. Wyllie, R.A.'s fine picture, "The Second Cruiser Squadron in the North Sea," which was exhibited at the Royal Academy last year, and attracted so much attention and admiration, has been reproduced in colours by the proprietors of Player's Navy Cut, as a companion picture to the same artist's "H.M.S. Bellerophon," which they similarly introduced to the public some time ago. This reproduction of Mr. Wyllie's picture is to be sold at the popular price of 1s., and can be obtained, or ordered, from your tobacconist, or from Messrs. John Player and Sons' Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Nottingham. The beautiful colouring of the original has been most carefully preserved, and those of our readers who take the opportunity of securing a copy will find it worthy of a frame, and a choice position on their walls.



"The Second Cruiser Squadron in the North Sea"

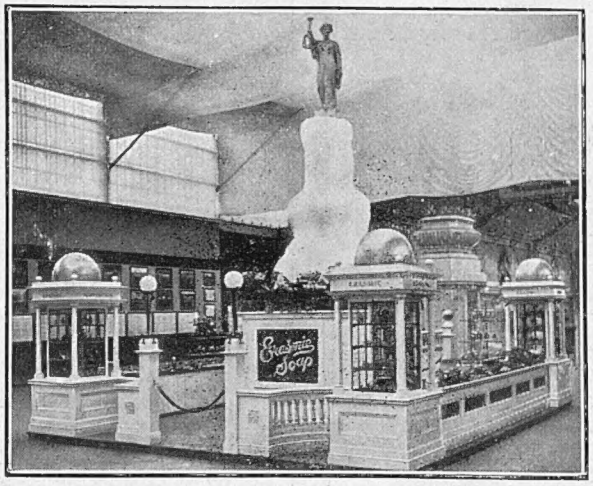
A striking picture by W. L. Wyllie, R.A., prints of which may be obtained from the proprietors of Player's Navy Cut at 1s. each

A Sweet Perfume

Among the many perfumes offered to the public since the introduction of Murray and Lanman's Florida Water, now over seventy-five years ago, none have met with greater success than that fragrant preparation. Introduced first in the city of New York, its own intrinsic excellence has extended its use over the entire world, and it has become the acknowledged perfume without which no dressing-table or boudoir is considered complete. As a handkerchief perfume, Murray and Lanman's Florida Water is lasting, and is certainly most delicate and delicious. It is, moreover, the first perfume ever prepared with special adaptation to the uses of the bath. For general toilet purposes, this fragrant water will be found most admirable. Diluted with water, it becomes a safe and effective cosmetic. The genuine Murray and Lanman's Florida Water has a little pamphlet wrapped around each bottle, and the paper on which this pamphlet is printed has the words, "Lanman and Kemp, New York," in water-mark, so that when a leaf is held up to the light it shows these words in faint, semi-transparent letters.

A Splendid Opportunity for Parents

Parents whose boys and girls are leaving school this mid-summer will now be considering the choice of a profession for them, and those who are in any doubt cannot do better than write to Clark's College, the Civil Service and Business University of London. This world-famous institution specialises in training youths and young ladies for appointments in the Civil Service, in business, and in the various professions. Its record of success is remarkable, it having up to the present placed 50,000 of its students into such positions. The success and great reputation of the college are due in great part to the personal interest of the principal and founder, Mr. Geo. E. Clark, in every student, who has supervised, directed, and controlled the college ever since its foundation in 1880. The college has branches in the various suburbs of London. Full particulars may be had by writing to the Principal, Clark's College, 1, 2, and 3, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.



The "Erasmic" Soap Bubble Fountain

The "Erasmic" Soap Bubble Fountain forms one of the greatest attractions of the Brussels Exhibition. It was built by the "Erasmic" Company, Ltd., Warrington. It produces a continual flow of bubbles, delightfully coloured, in which all the delicate hues of the rainbow are to be found. When illuminated at night, the effect produced by the multi-coloured electric lights is very beautiful. The fountain produces 8,448,000 bubbles per day of eight hours, while 25,344,000 bubbles are obtained from a pound of soap

Royal Dublin Society: Horse and Sheep Show

The following have agreed to officiate as judges at the above show, which will be held at Ball's Bridge on August 23 and three following days, viz.: Major John McKie, J. L. Nickisson, John Porter, Sir John Robinson, Sir Merrik R. Burrell, Bart., Captain St. G. Daly, Major George Franks, George Gordon, W. A. Harford, Sir Henry Hoare, Bart., Right Hon. Lord Southampton, Owen C. Wallis, Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart., Charles E. Galbraith, Gordon Cunard, Right Hon. the Earl of Coventry, William Ridley, Major M. J. Balfe, E. H. Cartwright, J. J. Macmillan, Arthur S. Gibson, and Hugh W. Stilgoe. Application for list of prizes, etc., should be addressed to the Agricultural Superintendent, Leinster House, Dublin.

A Fine Safety Razor

The Durham-Duplex Safety Razor, in its action and general form, is precisely the same that untold centuries of use and experience have proved to be correct, but features have been added that represent twentieth-century efficiency and finality in safety, speed, and comfort. You use the Durham-Duplex with that fine diagonal sweep, or that accurate searching of every recess of surface and feature only possible by the finest old style razor. The blades being double-edged are used directly "up and down," and both ends of the blades and their sides are operative. You handle the Durham-Duplex under any and every condition with easy assurance, without thought, hesitancy, or caution. There is no angle to define or maintain, you flatten the blade and glide it. A complete outfit, in a handsome leather case, consisting of silver-plated set—razor, safety guard, attachment for open blade use or stropping, and six double-edged hollow-ground blades of finest tempered steel—costs only 21s.